

The first part  
Of the true and hono-  
rable historie, of the life of Sir  
*John Old-castle, the good*  
Lord Cobham.

*As it bath been lately acted by the right  
bonorable the Earle of Nottingham  
Lord high Admirall of England his  
seruants.*



L O N D O N

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ONCE IN A LIFETIME

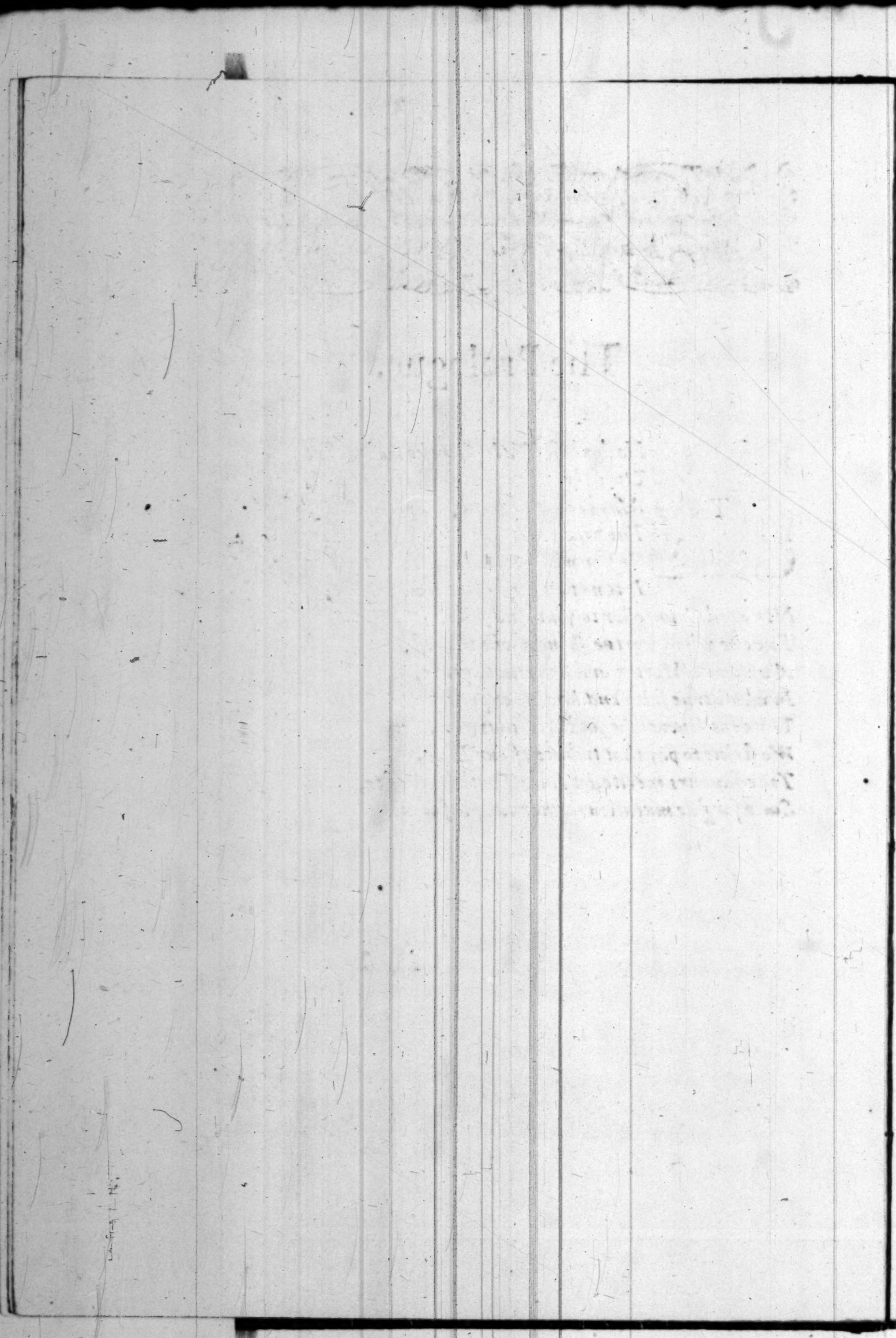
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## The Prologue.

**T**He doubtful Tule (Gentlemen) prefixt  
Upon the Argument we haue in hand,  
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturbe  
The peacefull quiet of your settled thoughtes:  
To stop which scruple set this briefe suffice.  
It is no pamperd glutton we presene,  
Nor aged Councillor so youthfull sene,  
But one, whose vertue shone aboue the rest,  
A valiant Marryr, and a verimous peere,  
In whose true faith and loyaltie exprest  
Unto his soueraigne, and his countries weale:  
We straine to pay that tribute of our Lome,  
Your fauours merite, let faire Truth be grac'e,  
Since for g'de inuention former time defac'e.

A 2





# The true and honorable Historie, of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham.

*In the fight, enter the Sheriff and two of his men.*

*Sheriff.*

**M**Y Lords, I charge ye in his Highnesse name,  
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.  
*Herb.* Good M. Sheriff, look vnto your self.  
*Pow.* Do so, for we haue other busynesse.  
*Proffer to fight againe*

*Sher.* Will ye disturbe the Judges, and the Assis<sup>t</sup>es?  
Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were best.

*Pow.* Hold then, lets heare it.

*Herb.* But be briefe, ye were best.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Davy* Coffone, make shorter O, or shall marre your Yes.

*Bay.* O yes.

*Owen* What, has her nothing to say but O yes?

*Bay.* O yes.

*Ta.* O nay, pye Cosse platt downe with her, downe with her,  
A Pawesse a Pawesse.

*Gough* A Herbert a Herbert, and downe with Powesse.

*Helter skelter againe.*

*Sher.* Hold, in the Kings name, hold.

*Owen* Downe e tha ka naues name, downe.

# The first part of

In this fight, the Baillife is knocked downe, and the Sheriff  
and the other runne away.

Herb. Powesse, I thinke thy Welsh and thou do smarre.

Pow. Herbert, I thinke my sword came neere thy heart.

Herb. Thy hearts best bloud shall pay the losse of mine.

Gough A Herbert a Herbert.

Dany A Pawesse a Pawesse.

As they are lifting their weapons, enter the Maior of Hereford, and his Officers and Townes-men with clubbes.

Maior My Lords, as you are liege men to the Crowne,  
True noblemen, and subjects to the King,  
Attend his Highnesse proclamation,  
Commaunded by the Judges of Assise,  
For keeping peace at this assemblie.

Herb. Good M. Maior of Hereford be briefe.

Mai. Serieant, without the ceremonie of O yes.

Pronounce alowd the proclamation.

Ser. The Kings Justices, perceiving what publique mischiefe may ensue this priuate quarrel: in his maesties name do straightly charge and commaund all persons, of what degree soever, to depart this cittie of Hereford, except such as are bound to giue attendance at this Assise, and that no man presume to weare any weapon, especially welsh-hooches, forrest billes.

Owen Haw, no pill nor wells hoog? ha?

Ma. Peace, and heare the proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse and discharge his retinue, and depart the cittie in the Kings peace, he and his followers, on paine of imprisonment.

Dany Haw: pud her Lord Pawesse in prison, A Pawes  
A Pawesse, cossone liue and tie with her Lord.

Gough A Herbert a Herbert:

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falleth to the ground, the Maior and his company goe away crying clubbes, Powesse runnes away, Gough and other of Herberts faction busie themselves about Herbert : enters the two Judges in their robes,

the

# sir John Old-castle.

the Sheriff and his Bailiffes afore them, &c.

1. Ind. Where's the Lord Herbert? is he hurt or slain?  
Sher. Hee's here my Lord.

2. Ind. How fares his Lordshippe, friends?

Gough Mortally wounded, speechlesse, he cannot live.

1. Ind Conuay him hence, let not his wounds take ayre,  
And get him dress'd with expedition, *Ex. Herb. & Gough*  
M. Maior of Hereford M Shriue o'th shire,  
Commit Lord Powesse to safe custodie,  
To answer the disturbance of the peace,  
Lord Herberts perill, and his high contempt  
Of vs, and you the Kings commissioners,  
See it be done with care and diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powesse is gone,  
Past all recovery.

2. Ind. Yet let search be made,  
To apprehend his followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them, sirs, lay ho'd on them,

Owen Of vs, and why? what has her done I pray you?

Sher. Disarme them Bailiffes.

Ma. Officers assist.

Dauy Hear ye Lor shudge, what reson is for this?

Owen Cossion pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

1. Judge Away with them.

Dauy Harg you my Lord. (shitten ka naue, )

Owen Gough my Lorde Herberts man's a *Borb as*

Dauy Is like and tie in good quarrell. *once al this*

Owen Pray you do shustice, let awl be preson.

Dauy Prison no,

Lord shudge I wooll giue you pale, good suerty.

2. Judge What Bale? what suerties?

Dauy Her coozin ap Ries, ap Euan, ap Morrice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffen, ap Dauy, ap Owen ap Shinken Shones.

2 Judge. Two of the most sufficient are ynow,

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are al but one.

1. Judge.

# The first part of

1. Judge To layle with them, and the Lord Herberts men,  
We de talke with them, when the Assise is done,      Excons.  
Riotous, audacious, and vnruly Groomes,  
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,  
To quiet brawles, which every Constable  
In other ciuill places can supprese?

2. Judge What was the quarrel that causde all this sturt?

Sher. About religion (as I heard) my Lord.

Lord Powesse detracted from the power of Rome,  
Affirming Wickliffes doctrine to be true,  
And Romes erroneous: hot reply was made  
By the lord Herbert, they were traytors all  
That would maintaine it: Powesse answered,  
They were as true, as noble, and as wise  
As he, that would defend it with their liues,  
He namde for instance sir Iohn Old-castle  
The Lord Cobham: Herbert replide againe,  
He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold.  
The lie was giuen, the severall factions drawne,  
And so enragde, that we could not appease it.

1. Judge This case concernes the Kings prerogative,  
And s dangerous to the State and common wealth.  
Gentlemen, Justices, master Maior, and master Shrieve,  
It doth behoue vs all, and each of vs  
In generall and particular, to haue care  
For the suppressing of all mutinies,  
And all assemblies, except souldiers musters  
For the Kings preparation into France.  
We heare of secret conuenticles made,  
And there is doubt of some conspiracies,  
Which may breake out into rebellious armes  
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:  
Note as an instance, this one perillous fray,  
What factions might haue growne on either part,  
To the destruction of the King and Realme,  
Yet, in my conscience, sir Iohn Old-castle

Innocent

## *sir John Old-castle.*

Innocent of it, onely his name was vsde.  
We therefore from his Highnesse giue this charge.  
You maister Maior, looke to your citizens,  
You maister Sherife vnto your shire, and you  
As Justices in euery ones precinct  
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort  
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and kannes,  
Matters of state be not their common talke,  
Nor pure religion by their lips prophande.  
Let vs returne vnto the Bench againe,  
And there examine further of this fray.

*Enter a Baily and*

*Sher.* Sirs, haue ye taken the lord Powelle yet? *a Sericant*

*Ba.* No, nor heard of him.

*Ser.* No, hee's gone farre enough.

*2.Iu.* They that are left behind, shall answer all. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Suffolke, Bishop of Rochester, Busler, parson of Wrotham.*

*Suffolke* Now my lord Bishop, take free liberty  
To speake your minde: what is your sute to vs?

*Bishop* My noble Lord, no more than what you know,  
And haue bin oftentimes imuested with:  
Grieuous complaints haue past betweene the lippes  
Of enuious persons to vpbraide the Cleargy,  
Some carping at the liuings which we haue,  
And others spurning at the ceremonies  
That are of auncient custome in the church.

Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a chiefe:  
What inconuenience may proceede hereof,  
Both to the King and to the common wealth,  
May easily be discernd, when like a frensic  
This innouation shall poslesse their mindes.  
These vpstarts will haue followers to vphold  
Their damnd opinion, more than Harry shall  
To vndergoe his quarrell gainst the French.

*Suffolke* What prooфе is there against them to be had,  
That what you say the law may iustifie?

*Bishop* They giue themselves the name of Protestants,

B

And

## *The first part of*

And meete in fields and solitary groues.

*Sir Iohn* Was euer heard (my Lord) the like til now?  
That theeues and rebels, s bloud heretikes,  
Playne heretikes, Ile stand toote to their teeth,  
Should haue to colour, their vile practises,  
A title of such worth, as Protestant? *enter one myt a letter.*

*Suf.* O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes  
One of your coate, to rappe out bloody oathes.

*Bish.* Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,  
An honest country prelate, who laments  
To see such foule disorder in the church.

*Sir Iohn* Theres one they call him Sir John Old-castle,  
He has not his name for naught : for like a castle  
Doth he encompasse them within his walls,  
But till that castle be subuerted quite,  
We ne're shall be at quiet in the realme.

*Bish.* That is our sute, my Lord, that he be tane,  
And brought in question for his heresie,  
Beside, two letters brought me out of Wales,  
Wherin my Lord Herford writes to me,  
What tumult and sedition was begun,  
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sises there,  
For they had much ado to calme the rage,  
And that the valiant Herbert is there slaine.

*Suf.* A fire that must be quencht; wel, say no more,  
The King anon goes to the counsell chamber,  
There to debate of matters touching France:  
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace  
Concerning your petition: Master Butler,  
If I forget, do you remember me,

*Bur.* I will my Lord.

*Offer him a purse.*

*Bish.* Not for a recompence,  
But as a token of our loue to you,  
By me my Lords of the cleargie do present  
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angells,  
Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.

*Suf.*

## *sir John Old-castle.*

*Suf.* I thanke them, my Lord Bishop, for their loue,  
Put will not take their mony, if you please  
To giue it to this gentleman, you may.

*Bish.* Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.

*But.* The best I can my Lord of Rochester.

*Bish.* Nay, pray ye take it, trust me but you shal,  
*sir John* Were ye all three vpon New Market heath,  
You shold not neede straine curtisie who shold ha'te,  
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care.

*Suf* The King is comming, feare ye not my Lord,  
The very first thing I will breake with him,  
Shal be about your matter.     *Enter K. Harry and Hunting-*

*Har.* My Lord of Suffolke,     ton in talke.  
Was it not saide the Cleargy did refuse  
To lend vs mony toward our warres in France?

*Suf.* It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

*Har.* I know it was, for Huntington here tells me,  
They haue bin very bountifull of late.

*Suf.* And still they vow my gracious Lord to be so,  
Hoping your maiestie will thinke of them,  
As of your louing subiects, and suppress  
All such malitious errors as begin  
To spot their calling, and disturb the church.

*Har.* God else forbid: why Suffolke, is there  
Any new rupture to disquiet them?

*Suf.* No new my Lord, the old is great enough,  
And so increasing, as if not cut downe,  
Will breed a scandale to your royll state,  
And set your Kingdome quickly in an vproare,  
The Kentish knight, Lord Cobham, in despight  
Of any law, or spirituall discipline,  
Maintaines this vpstart new religion still,  
And diuers great assemblies by his meanes  
And priuate quarrells, are commenst abroad,  
As by this letter more at large my liege,  
Is made apparant.

## The first part of

*Har.* We do find it here,  
There was in Wales a certaine fray of late,  
Betweene two noblemen, but what of this?  
Followes it straight Lord Cobham must be he  
Did cause the same? I dare be sworne (good knight)  
He neuer dreampt of any such contention.

*Bisb.* But in his name the quarrell did begin,  
About the opinion which he held (my hege.)

*Har.* How if it did? was either he in place,  
To take part with them, or abette them in it?  
If brabbling fellowes, whose inkindled bloud,  
Seethes in their fiery vaines, will needes go fight,  
Making their quarrells of some words that passt,  
Either of you, or you, amongst their cuppes,  
Is the fault yours, or are they guiltie of it?

*Suffolke* With pardon of your Highnesse (my dread lord)  
Such little sparkes negleeted, may in time  
Grow to a mighty flame: but that's not all,  
He doth beside maintaine a strange religion,  
And will not be compellid to come to masse.

*Bisb.* We do beseech you therefore gracious prince,  
Without offence vnto your maiestie  
We may be bold to vse authoritie.

*Harry* Ashow?

*Bishop* To summon him vnto the Arches,  
Where such offences haue their punishment.

*Harry* To answere personally, is that your meaning?

*Bishop* It is, my lord.

*Harry* How if he appeale?

*Bishop* He cannot (my Lord) in such a case as this.

*Suffolke* Not where Religion is the plea, my lord.

*Harry* I tooke it alwayes, that our selfe stode ont,  
As a sufficient refuge, vnto whome  
Not any but might lawfully appeale.  
But wee le not argue now vpon that poynt:  
For sir John Old-castle whom you accuse,

Let

## *sir John Old-castle.*

Let me intreate you to dispence awhile  
With your high title of preheminence. *in scorne.*  
Report did never yet condemne him so,  
But he hath alwayes beene reputed loyall:  
And in my knowledge I can say thus much,  
That he is vertuous, wise, and honourable:  
If any way his conscience be seduc'de,  
To wauer in his faith: Ile send for him,  
And schoole him priuately, if that serue not,  
Then afterward you may proceede against him.  
Butler, be you the messenger for vs,  
And will him presently repaire to court. *exeunt.*

*sir John* How now my lord, why stand you discontent?  
In sooth, me thinkes the King hath well decreed.

*Bishop* Yea, yea, *sir John*, if he would keepe his word,  
But I perceiue he fauours him so much,  
As this will be to small effect, I feare.

*sir John* Why then Ile tell you what y'are best to do:  
If you suspect the King will be but cold  
In reprehending him, send you a processe too  
To serue vpon him: so you may be sure  
To make him answer't, howsoere it fall.

*Bishop* And well remembred, I will haue it so,  
*A Sumner* shall be sent about it strait *Exit.*

*sir John* Yea, doe so, in the meane space this remaines  
For kinde *sir John of Wrotham* honest Iacke.  
Me thinkes the purse of gold the Bishop gaue,  
Made a good shew, it had a tempting looke,  
Beshrew me, but my fingers ends do itch  
To be vpon those rudducks: well, tis thus:  
I am not as the worlde does take me for:  
If euer woolfe were cloathed in sheepes coate,  
Then I am he, olde huddle and twang, yfaith,  
A priest in shew, but in plaine termes, a th. eft,  
Yet let me tell you too, an honest theefe,  
One that will take it where it may be sp.

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And spend it freely in good fellowship.  
I haue as many shapes as *Proteus* had,  
That still when any villany is done,  
There may be none suspect it was sir John.  
Besides, to comfort me, for whats this life,  
Except the crabbed bitternes thercof  
Be sweetened now and then with lechery?  
I haue my Doll, my concubine as t were,  
To frolick with, a lusty bounsing gerle.  
But whilst I loyter here the gold, may scape,  
And that must not be so, it is mine owne,  
Therefore Ile meete him on his way to eourt,  
And shrieve him of it : there will be the sport.

Exit.

*Enter three or feoure poore people, some soldiern, some old men.*

1 God help, God help, there's law for punishing,  
But theres no law for our necessity:  
There be more stockes to set poore soldiers in,  
Than there be houses to releue them at.

*Old man* Faith, housekeeping decayes in euery place,  
Euen as Saint *Perer* writ, still worse and worse

4 Maister maior of Rochester has giuen commaundement, that none shall goe abroade out of the parish, and they haue set an order downe forsooth, what euery poore housholder must giue towards our relief: where there be some ceased I may say to you, had almost as much neede to beg as we.

1 It is a hard world the while.

*Old man* If a poore man come to a doore to aske for Gods sake, they aske him for a licence, or a certificate from a Justice.

2 Faith we haue none, but what we beare vpon our bodies, our maimed limbs, God help vs.

4 And yet, as lame as I am, Ile with the king into France, if I can crawle but a ship-boorde, I hadde rather be slaine in France, than starue in England.

*Old man.* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at the battell of Shrewsbury, I wold not doe as I do : but we are now come to the good lord Cobhamis, to the best man to the poore that is

# *sir John Old-castle.*

*is in all Kent.*

*4 God blesse him, there be but few such.*

*Enter Lord Cobham with Harpoole.*

*Cob.* Thou peeuiish froward man, what wouldest thou haue?

*Harp.* This pride, this pride, brings all to beggarie,  
I seruide your father, and your grandfather,  
Shew me such two men now: no, no,  
Your backes, your backes, the diuell and pride,  
Has cut the throate of all good housekeeping,  
They were the best Yeominens masters, that  
Euer were in England.

*Cob.* Yea, except thou haue a crue of seely knaues,  
And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate,  
There is no hospitalitie with thee.

*Harp.* They may sit at the gate well enough, but the diuell  
of any thing you giue them, except they will eate stones.

*Cob.* Tis long then of such hungry knaues as you, *pointing*  
*Yea sir, heres your retinue, your guests be come,* *to the*  
*They know their howers I warrant you.* *beggars*

*Old.* God blesse your honour, God sauē the good Lord  
Cobham, and all his house,

*Soul.* Good your honour, bestow your blessed almes,  
Upon poore men.

*Cob.* Now sir, here be your Almes knights.  
Now are you as safe as the Emperour.

*Harp.* My Almes knights: nay, th'are yours,  
It is a shame for you, and Ile stand too't,  
Your foolish almes maintaines more vagabonds,  
Then all the noblemen in Kent beside.  
Out you rogues, you knaues, worke for your liuings,  
Alas poore men, O Lord, they may beg their hearts out,  
Theres no more charitie amongst men,  
Then amongst so many mastiffe dogges,  
What make you here, you needy knaues?  
Away, away, you villaines.

*2. soul.* I beseech you sir, be good to vs.

*Cob.*

## The first part of

*Cobham* Nay,nay, they know thee well enough, I thinke that all the beggars in this lard are thy acquaintance, goe bestowe your almes, none will controule you sir.

*Harp.* What shoulde I giue them? you are growne so beggarly, you haue scarce a bitte of breade to giue at your doore: you talke of your religion so long, that you haue banished charitie from amongst you, a man may make a flaxe shop in your kitchin chiunies, for any fire there is stirring.

*Cobham* If thou wilt giue them nothing, send them hence, let them not stand here staruing in the colde.

*Harp.* Who I driue them hence? if I driue poore men from your doore, Ile be hangd, I know not what I may come to my selfe: yea, God help you poore knaues, ye see the world yfaith, well, you had a mother: well, God be with thee good Lady, thy soule's at rest: she gaue more in shirts and smocks to poore children, then you spend in your house, & yet you liue a beggar too.

*Cobham* Euen the worst deede that ere my mother did, was in releauing such a foole as thou .

*Harpoole* Yea, yea, I am a foole still, with all your wit you will die a beggar, go too.

*Cobham* Go you olde foole, giue the poore people something, go in poore men into the inner court, and take such alms as there is to be had.

*Souldier* God blesse your honor.

*Harpoole* Hang you roags, hang you, theres nothing but misery amongst you, you feare no law you. *Exe.*

*Olde man* God blesse you good maister Rafe, God save your life, you are good to the poore still.

*Enter the Lord Powes disguised, and shrowde him selfe.*

*Cobham* What fellow's yonder comes along the groue?  
Few passengers there be that know this way;  
Me thinkes he stops as though he stayd for me,  
And meant to shrowd himselfe amongst the bushes.  
I know the Cleargie hate me to the death,  
And my religion gets me many foes:

*And*

## *sir John Old-castle.*

And this may be some desperate rogue,  
Subornd to worke me mischiefe: As it  
Pleaseth God, if he come toward me, sure  
Ile stay his comming, be he but one man,  
What soere he be:      *The Lord Powis comes on.*  
I haue beeene well acquainted with that face.

*Powis* Well met my honorable lord and friend.

*Cobham* You are welcome sir, what ere you be,  
But of this sodaine sir, I do not know you.

*Powis* I am one that wisheth well vnto your honor,  
My name is Powes, an olde friend of yours.

*Cobham* My honorable lord, and worthy friend,  
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent,  
And thus disguised in this strange attire?

*Powis* My Lord, an vncpected accident,  
Hath at this time inforc'de me to these parts:  
And thus it hapt, not yet ful fwe dayes since,  
Now at the last Assise at Hereford,  
It chanst that the lord Herbert and my selfe,  
Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,  
To fall in speech about some certaine points  
Of *Wickcliffes* doctrine, gainst the papacie,  
And the religion catholique, maintaing  
Through the most part of Europe at this day.  
This wilfull teasty lord stucke not to say,  
That *Wickcliffe* was a knaue, a schismatike,  
His doctrine diuelish and hereticall,  
And what soere he was maintaing the same,  
was traitor both to God and to his country.  
Being moued at his peremptory speech,  
I told him, some maintained those opinions,  
Men, and truer subiects then lord Herbert was:  
And he replying in comparisons:  
Your name was vrgdc, my lord, gainst his chalenge,  
To be a perfect fauourer of the trueth.  
And to be short, from words we fell to blowes,

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Our

## *The first part of*

Our seruants, and our tenants taking parts,  
Many on both sides hurt: and for an houre  
The broyle by no meanes could be pacified,  
Vntill the Judges rising from the bench,  
Were in their persons forc'de to part the fray.

*Cobham* I hope no man was violently slaine.

*Powis* Faith none I trust, but the lord Herberts selfe,  
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,  
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

*Cobham* I am sory, my good lord, of these ill newes.

*Powis* This is the cause that driues me into Kent,  
To shrowd my selfe with you so good a friend,  
Vntill I heare how things do speed at home.

*Cobham* Your lordship is most welcome vnto Cobham,  
But I am very sory, my good lord,  
My name was brought in question in this matter,  
Considering I haue many enemies,  
That threaten malice, and do lie in waite  
To take aduantage of the smalleſt thing.  
But you are welcome, and repose your lordship,  
And keepe your selfe here ſecret in my house.  
Vntill we heare how the lord Herbert ſpeedes:  
Here comes my man. *Enter Harpoole.*  
Sirra, what newes?

*Harpoole* Yonders one maister Butler of the priuie chamber, is ſent vnto you from the King.

*Powis* I pray God the lord Herbert be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath ſent for me.

*Cob.* Comfort your ſelfe my lord, I warrant you.

*Harpoole* Fellow, what ailes thee? dooſt thou quake? doſt thou ſhake? dooſt thou tremble? ha?

*Cob.* Peace you old foole, ſirra, conuey this gentleman in the backe way, and bring the other into the walke.

*Harpoole* Come ſir, you are welcome, if you loue my lorde.

*Powis* God haue mercy gentle friend. *exeunt.*

*Cob.* I thought as much, that it would not be long before I heard

## *sir John Old-castle.*

heard of something from the King, about this matter.

*Enter Harpoole with Maister Butler.*

*Harpoole* Sir, yonder my lord walkes, you see him,  
Ile hane your men into the Celler the while.

*Cobb.* welcome good maister Butler.

*Butler* Thankes, my good lord : his Maiestie dooth com-  
mend his loue vnto your lordship, and wils you to repaire vnto  
the court.

*Cobb.* God blesse his Highnesse, and confound his enne-  
mies, I hope his Maiestie is well.

*Butler* In health, my lord.

*Cobb.* God long continue it : mee thinkes you looke as  
though you were not well, what ailes you sir?

*Butler* Faith I haue had a foolish odde mischance, that an-  
gers mee : comming ouer Shooters hill, there came a fellow to  
me like a Sailer, and asked me money, and whilst I staide my  
horse to draw my purse, he takes th' aduantage of a little banck  
and leapes behind me, whippes my purse away, and with a so-  
daine ierke I know not how, threw me at least three yards out  
of my saddle. I never was so robbed in all my life.

*Cobb.* I am very sorie sir for your mischance, wee will send  
our warrant foorth, to stay such suspitious persons as shal be  
found, then maister Butler, we wil attend you.

*Butler* I humbly thanke your lordship, I will attend you.

*Enter the Sumner.*

*Sum.* I haue the law to warrant what I do, and though the  
Lord Cobham be a noble man, that dispenses not with law,  
I dare serue processe were a fwe noble men, though we Sum-  
mers make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a prettie  
wench, a Sumner must not goe alwayes by seeing, a manne  
may be content to hide his eies, where he may feele his profit:  
well, this is my Lord Cobhams house, if I can deuise to speake  
with him, if not, Ile clap my citation vpon's doore, so my lord  
of Rochester bid me, but me thinkes here comes one of his  
men.

*Enter Harpoole.*

*Harp.* Welcome good fellow, welcome, who wouldst thou

# The first part of

speake with?

*Sum.* With my lord Cobham, I would speake, if thou be one of his men.

*Harp.* Yes I am one of his men, but thou canst not speake with my lord.

*Sum.* May I send to him then?

*Harp.* Ile tel thee that, when I know thy errand.

*Sum.* I will not tel my errand to thee.

*Harp.* Then keepe it to thy selfe, and walke like a knaue as thou camest.

*Sum.* I tell thee my lord keepes no knaues, sirra.

*Harp.* Then thou seruest him not, I belseue, what lord is thy master?

*Sum.* My lord of Rochester.

*Harp.* In good time, and what wouldest thou haue with my lord Cobham?

*Sum.* I come by vertue of a processe, to ascite him to appeare before my lord, in the court at Rochester.

*Harp aside.* Wel, God grant me patience, I could eate this conger. My lord is not at home, therefore it were good Summer you caried your processe backe.

*Sum.* Why, if he will not be spoken withall, then will I leaue it here, and see you that he take knowledge of it.

*Harp.* Swounds you flauie, do you set vp your bills here, go to, take it downe againe, doest thou know what thou dost, dost thee know on whom thou seruest processe?

*Sum.* Yes marry doe I, Sir John Old-castle Lord Cobham.

*Harp.* I am glad thou knowest him yet, and sirra dost not thou know, that the lord Cobham is a braue lord, that keepes good beefe and beere in his house, and euery day feedes a hundred poore people at's gate, and keepes a hundred tall fellowes?

*Sum.* Whats that to my processe?

*Harp.* Marry this sir, is this processe parchment?

*Sum.* Yes marry.

*Harp.*

## sir John Old-castle.

Harp. And this seale waxe?

Sum. It is so.

Harp. If this be parchment, & this waxe, eate you this parchment, and this waxe, or I will make parchment of your skinne, and beate your braines into waxe : Sirra Sumner dispatch, deuoure, sirra deuoure.

Sum. I am my lord of Rochester's Sumner, I came to do my office, and thou shalt answere it.

Harp. Sirra, no railing, but betake you to your teeth, thou shalt eate no worse then thou bringst with thee, thou bringst it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse then thou wilt eate thy selfe?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eate.

Harp. O do you sir me now, all's one for that, but ifc make you eate it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eate it.

Harp. Can you not? sbloud ille beate you vntil you haue a stomacke. *he beates him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good master seruing-man, I will eate it.

Harp. Be champping, be chawing sir, or ille chaw you, you rogue, the purest of the hony.

Sum. Tough waxe, is the purest of the hony.

Harp. O Lord sir, oh oh, *be eates.*

Feed, feed, wholesome rogue, wholesome.

Cannot you like an honest Summer walke with the diuell your brother, to fetch in your Bailiffes rents, but you must come to a noble mans house with processe? Sbloud if thy seale were as broad as the lead that couers Rochester church, thou shouldest eate it.

Sum. O I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.

Harp. Who's within there? wil you shame my Lord, is there no beere in the house? Butler I say.

Bur. Heere, here.

*Enter Butler.*

Harp. Give him Beere.

*he drinkeſ.*

There, tough old sheepskins, bare drie meate.

Sum. O sir, let me go no further, Ille eate my word.

## The first part of

Harp. Yea mary sir , so I meane you shall eate more then your own word, for ile make you eate all the words in the procelle. Why you drab monger, cannot the secrets of al the wenches in a sheire serue your turne , but you must come hither with a citation with a poxe? Ilc cite you. *he has then done.*  
A cup of sacke for the Sumner.

But. Here sir here.

Harp. Here saue I drinke to thee.

Sum. I thanke you sir.

Harp. Now if thou findst thy stomacke well,because thou shalt see my Lord keep's meate in's house , if thou wilt go in thou shalt haue a peece of beefe to thy break fast.

Sum. No I am very well good M.seruing-man , I thanke you,very well sir.

Harp. I am glad on't,then be walking towards Rochester to keepe your stomach warme:and Sumner,if I may know you disturb a good wench within this Diocesse , if I do not make thee eate her peticote,if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in't,I am a villain.

Sum. God be with you M.seruingmaan.

Harp.Farewell Sumner.

*Enter Constable.*

Con. God saue you M.Harpoole.

Harp.Welcome Constable,welcom Constable,what news with thee?

Con. And't please you M.Harpoole, I am to make hue to crie,for a fellow with one eie that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to craue your hindrance, for to search all suspected places, and they say there was a woman in the company.

Harp. Hast thou bin at the Alehouse, hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search sir , in my Lord Cobhams libertie, except I had some of his servants,which are for my warrant.

Harp.An honest Constable.an honest Constable,call forth him that keepes the Alehouse there.

Con. Ho,who's within there?

Ale man Who calls there, come neere a Gods name,oh is't you

## 12

# sir John Old-castle.

you M. Constable and M. Harpoole, you are welcome with all my heart, what make you here so earely this morning?

*Harp.* Sirra, what strangers do you lodge, there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

*Aleman.* Gods bores, I am sory for't, yfaith sir I lodge no body but a good honest mery priest, they call him sir John a Wrootham, and a handsome woman that is his neece, that he saies he has some sute in law for, and as they go vp & down to London, sometimes they lie at my house.

*Harp.* What, is he here in thy house now?

*Con.* She is sir, I promise you sir he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many roomes, he makes the woman lie euery night at his beds feete.

*Harp.* Bring her forth Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

*Con.* Dorothy, you must come downe to M. Constable.

*Dol.* Anon forsooth.

*She enters.*

*Harp.* Welcoime sweete lasse, welcome.

*Dol.* I thank you good M. seruing-man, and master Constable also.

*Harp.* A plump girle by the mas, a plump girle, ha Dol ha, wilt thou forsake the priest, and go with me.

*Con.* A well said M. Harpoole, you are a merrie old man yfaith, yfaith you wil never be old: now by the macke, a prettie wench indeed.

*Harp.* Ye old mad mery Constable, art thou aduis'de of that ha, well said Dol, fill some ale here.

*Dol aside* Oh if I wist this old priest would not sticke to me, by loue I would ingle this old seruing-man.

*Harp.* Oh you o d mad colt, yfaith Ile feak you: fil all the pots in the house there.

*Con.* Oh wel said M. Harpoole, you are heart of oake when all's done.

*Harp.* Ha Dol, thou hast a sweete paire of lippes by the masse.

*Dol.*

# The first part of

Doll Truely you are a most sweet olde man, as euer I sawe,  
by my troth, you haue a face, able to make any woman in loue  
with you.

Harp. Fill sweete Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

Doll I pledge you sir, and thanke you therefore, and I pray  
you let it come.

Harp. *imbracing her* Doll, canst thou loue me? a mad mer-  
ry lasse, would to God I had never seene thee.

Doll I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this  
twelue in onth, truly you are as full of fauour, as a man may  
be. Ah these sweete grey lockes, by my troth, they are most  
louely.

Constable Gods boores maister Harpoole, I will haue one  
busse too.

Harp. No licking for you Constable, hand off, hand off.

Constable Bur lady I loue kissing as wel as you.

Doll Oh you are an od boie, you haue a wanton eie of your  
owne: ah you sweet sugar lipt wanton, you will winne as ma-  
ny womens hearts as come in your company. *Enter Priest.*

Wroth. Doll, come hither.

Harp. Priest, she shal not.

Doll Ile come anone, sweete loue.

Wroth. Hand off, old fornicator.

Harp. Vicar, Ile sit here in spight of thee, is this fitte stufte  
for a priest to carry vp and downe with him?

Wrotham Ah serra, dost thou not know, that a good fellow  
parson may haue a chappel of ease, where his parish Church is  
farre off?

Harp. You whooreson ston'd Vicar.

Wroth. You olde stale ruffin, you lion of Cotswold.

Harp. Swounds Vicar, Ile geld you. *flies upon him.*

Constable Keepe the Kings peace.

Doll Murder, murder, murder.

Ale man Holde, as you are men, holde, for Gods sake be  
quiet: put vp your weapons, you drawe not in my house.

Harp. You whooreson bawdy priest.

Wroth.

13

## sir John Old-castle.

*Wroth.* You old mutton monger.

*Constable* Hold sir John, hold.

*Doll to the Priest* I pray thee sweet heart be quiet, I was but sitting to drinke a pot of ale with him, euen as kinde a man as euer I met with.

*Harp.* Thou art a theefe I warrant thee.

*Wroth.* Then I am but as thou hast beene in thy dayes, lets not be ashamed of our trade, the King has beene a theefe himselfe.

*Doll* Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

*Wroth.* I haue wench, here be crownes ifaith.

*Doll* Come, lets be all friends then.

*Constable* Well said mistris Dorothy ifaith.

*Harp.* Thou art the madst priest that euer I met with.

*Wroth.* Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow, I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher, I can say a masse, and kisse a lasse: faith I haue a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serues me for a sexton.

*Harp.* Well said mad priest, weele in and be friends. *exit*.

*Enter sir Roger Acton, master Bourne, master Beuerley,  
and William Murley the brewer of Dunstable.*

*Acton* Now maister Murley, I am well assurde  
You know our arrant, and do like the cause,  
Being a man affected as we are?

*Mu.* Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, no master, good  
Sir Roger Acton Knight, maister Bourne, and maister Beuerley esquires, gentlemen, and iustices of the peace, no maister I, but plaine William Murly the brewer of Dunstable your honest neighbour, and your friend, if ye be men of my profession.

*Beuerley* Professed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.

*Mur.* Hold by me lad, leane vpon that staffe good maister Beuerley, all of a house, say your mind, say your mind.

*Acton* You know our faction now is growne so great,  
Throughout the realme, that it beginnes to smoake  
Into the Cleargies eies, and the Kings eares,

## *The first part of*

High time it is that we were drawne to head,  
Our generall and officers appoynted.  
And warres ye wot will aske great store of coine.  
Able to strength our action with your purse,  
You are elected for a colonell  
Ouer a regiment of fifteene bands.

*Murley* Fue paltrie paltrie, in and out, to and fro, be it more or lesse, vpon occasion, Lorde haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a plaine brewer, ye know: will lusty Caualiering captaines gentlemen come at my calling, goe at my bidding? Daintie my deere, theile doe a dogge of waxe, a horse of cheese, a pricke and a pudding, no, no, ye must appoint some lord or knight at least to that place.

*Bourne* Why master Murley, you shall be a Knight:  
Were you not in election to be shrieue?  
Haue ye not past all offices but that?  
Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a lady?  
I warrant you, my lord, our Generall  
Bestowes that honor on you at first sight.

*Murley* Mary God dild ye daintie my deare:  
But tell me, who shalbe our Generall?  
Wheres the lord Cobham, sir John Old-castle,  
That noble almes-giuver, housekeeper, vertuous,  
Religious gentleman? Come to me there boies,  
Come to me there.

*Acton* Why who but he shall be our Generall?

*Murley* And shall he knight me, and make me colonell?

*Acton* My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

*Murley* Fellow sir Roger Acton knight, all fellowes, I meane in armes, how strong are we? how many partners? our enemies beside the King are mightie, be it more or lesse vpon occasion, reckon our force.

*Acton* There are of vs our friends, and followers,  
Three thousand and three hundred at the least,  
Of northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse,

From

## *sir John Old-castle.*

From Kent there comes with sir John Old-castle  
Seauen thousand, then from London issue out,  
Of maisters, seruants, strangers, prentices  
Fortie odde thousands into Ficket field,  
Where we appoynt our speciall randeuous.

Murley Every paltry, in and out to and fro, Lord haue  
mercy. What world is this, wheres that Ficket fielde,  
sir Roger?

Action Behinde saint Giles in the field neere Holborne.

Murley Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to  
Tiborne, an old saw: for the day, for the day?

Action On friday next the foureteenth day of Januari.

Murley Tyllie vallie, trust me never if I haue any liking of  
that day: fue paltry paltry, friday quoth a, dismall day, Chil-  
dermaseday this yeare was friday.

Beuerley Nay maister Murley, if you obserue such daies,  
We make some question of your constancie,  
All daies are like to men resolute in right.

Murley Say Amen, and say no more, but say, and hold ma-  
ster Beuerley, friday next, and Ficket field, and William Mur-  
ley, and his merry men shalbe al one, I haue halfe a score iades  
that draw my beere cartes, and euery iade shall beare a knaue,  
and euery knaue shall weare a iacke, and euery iacke shal haue  
a scull, and euery scull shal shew a speare, and euery speare shal  
kill a foe at Ficket field, at Ficket field, Iohn and Tom, and  
Dicke and Hodge, and Rafe and Robin, William & George,  
and all my knaues shall fight like men, at Ficket field on friday  
next.

Bourne What summe of money meane you to disburse?

Murley It may be modestly, decently, soberly, and hand-  
somely I may bring fiue hundred pound.

Action Fiue hundred man? fiue thousand's not enough,  
A hundred thousand will not pay our men  
Two months together, either come preparted  
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,  
In glittering golde, and gallant furniture,

## The first part of

Bringing in coyne, a cart loade at the least,  
And all your followers mounted on good horse,  
Or neuer come disgracefull to vs all.

*Beverley* Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,  
Tenne thousand pound s the least that you can bring.

*Murley* Paltry paltry, in and out, and fro, yde  
I haue ten thousand pound to spend, and rather than the Bishop shall haue hi wile of mee for my conscience, it shall out all. Flame and flaxe, flame and flaxe, it was gotte with water and mault, and it shal flic with fire and gunne powder. Sir Roger, a cart loade of mony til the axetree cracke, my selfe and my men in Ficket field on friday next : rememb're my Kighthoode, and my place : there's my hand Ile bee there.

*Exit.*

*Aeton* See what Ambition may perswade men to,  
In hope of honor he will spend himselfe.

*Bourne* I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so ich.

*Beverley* Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,  
With vsing too much mault, too little water.

*Aeton* Thats no fault in Brewers now-adayes:  
Come away about our businesse.

*exeunt.*

Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, and Old-castle kneeling  
*to the King.*

*Harry* Tis not enough Lord Cobham to submit,  
You must forsake your grosse opinion,  
The Bishops find theinselues much iniured,  
And though for some good seruice you haue done,  
We for our part are please to pardon you,  
Yet they will not so soone be satisfied,

*Cobham* My gracious Lord vnto your Maiestie,  
Next vnto my God, I owe my life,  
And what is mine, either by natures gift,  
Or fortunes bountie, al is at your seruice,  
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,  
I owe him none, nor shall his shaueling priests  
That are in England, alter my belief.

**If**

## sir John Old-castle.

If out of holy Scripture they can proue,  
That I am in an errour, I will yeeld,  
And gladly take instruction at their hands,  
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace,  
My conscience may not be incroacht vpon.

*Har.* We would be loath to presse our subiects bodies,  
Much lesse their soules, the deere redeemed part,  
Of him that is the ruler of vs all,  
Yet let me counself ye, that might command,  
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,  
Nor suffer any meetings to be had  
Within your house, but to the vttermost,  
Disperse the flockes of this new gathering sect.

*Cobham* My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,  
And say, my life in any of these points  
Deserues th'attaindor of ignoble thoughts  
Here stand I, crauing no remoree at all,  
But euen the vtmost rigor may be showne.

*Har.* Let it suffice we know your loyaltie,  
What haue you there?

*Cob.* A deed of clemencie,  
Your Highnesse pardon for Lord Powesse life,  
Which I did beg, and you my noble Lord,  
Of gracious fauour did vouchsafe to grant.

*Har.* But yet it is not signed with our hand.

*Cob.* Not yet my Liege.

*Har.* The fact, you say, was done,  
Not of prepensed malice, but by chance.

*Cob.* Upon mine honor so, no otherwise.

*Har.* There is his pardon, bid him make amends, writes.  
And cleanse his soule to God for his offence,  
What we remit, is but the bodies scourge, *Enter Bishop.*  
How now Lord Bishop?

*Bishop* Justice dread Soueraigne.

As thou art King, so graunt I may haue justice.

*Har.* What meaneſt this exclamation, let vs know?

## The first part of

Bisb. Ah my good Lord, the state's abuse,  
And our decesses most shamefully prophande.

Har. How, or by whom?

Bisb. Euen by this heretike,  
This Jew, this Traitor to your maestie.

Cob. Prelate, thou liest, euen in thy greasie maw,  
Or whosoeuer twits me with the name,  
Of either traitor, or of heretike.

Har. Forbeare I say, and Bishop, shew the cause  
From whence this late abuse hath bin deriu'de,

Bisb. Thus mightie King, by generall consent,  
A messenger was sent to cite this Lord,  
To make appearance in the consistorie,  
And comming to his house, a ruffian slau,  
One of his daily followers, met the man,  
Who knowing him to be a parator,  
Assaults him first, and after in contempt  
Of vs, and our proceedings, makes him eate  
The written processe, parchment, seale and all:  
Whereby his maister neither was brought forth,  
Nor we but scornd, for our authoritie.

Har. When was this done?

Bisb. At sixe a clocke this morning.

Har. And when came you to court?

Cob. Last nigh my Lord.

Har. By this it seemes, he is not guilty of it,  
And you haue done him wrong to accuse him so.

Bisb. But it was done my lord by his appointment,  
Or else his man durst ne're haue bin so bold.

Har. Or else you durst be bold, to interrupt,  
And fill our eares with fruaylous complaints,  
Is this the duetie you do beare to vs?  
Was't not sufficient we did passe our word  
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,  
Or which is worse, intending to forestall  
Our regall power, must likewise summon him?

This

## sir John Old-castle

This sauours of Ambition, not of zeale,  
And rather proues you malice his estate,  
Than any way that he offends the law.

Go to, we like it not, and he your officer,  
That was imployde so much amisse herein,  
Had his desert for being insolent:

*Enter Huntington*

So Cobham when you please you may depart.

*Cob.* I humbly bid farewell vnto my liege.

*Exit*

*Har.* Farewell, what's the newes by Huntington?

*Hunt.* Sir Roger Aeton, and a crue, my Lord,  
Of bold seditious rebels, are in Armes,  
Intending reformation of Religion.  
And with their Army they intend to pitch,  
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be repulst.

*Har.* So nere our presence? dare they be so bold?  
And will proud warre, and eager thirst of bloud,  
Whom we had thought to entertaine farre off,  
Presse forth vpon vs in our native boundes?  
Must wee be forc't to hancell our sharp blades  
In England here, which we prepar'd for France?  
Well, a Gods name be it, what's their number? say,  
Or who's the chiefe commander of this rowt?

*Hunt.* Their number is not knowne, as yet (my Lord)  
But tis reported Sir John Old-castle  
Is the chiefe man, on whom they do depend.

*Har.* How, the Lord Cobham?

*Hunt.* Yes my gracious Lord.

*Bisb.* I could haue told your maestic as much  
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace  
Was too much blinded by his flaterie.

*Suf.* Send post my Lord to fetch him backe againe.

*Bisb.* Traitor vnto his country, how he smooth'de,  
And seemde as innocent as Truth it selfe?

*Har.* I cannot thinke it yet, he would be false,  
But if he be, no matter let him go,  
Weele meet both him and them vnto their wo.

*Bishop*

# The first part of

Bis. This falls out well, and at the last I hope Exeunt  
To see this heretike die in a rope.

Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Gray, and  
Chartres the French factor.

Scroop. Once more my Lord of Cambridge make ichersal,  
I'ow you do stand intituled to the Crowne,  
The deeper shall we print it in our mindes,  
And euery man the better be resolu'de,  
When he perceiues his quarrell to be iust.

Cam. Then thus Lord Scroope, sir Thomas Gray, & you  
Mounsieur de Chartres, agent for the French,  
This Lionell Duke of Clarence, as I said,  
Third sonne of Edward (Englands King) the third  
Hid issue Phillip his sole daughter and heyre,  
Which Phillip afterward was giuen in marriage,  
To Edmund Mortimer the Earle of March,  
And by him had a son calde Roger Mortimer,  
Which Roger likewise had of his dissent,  
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor,  
Two daughters and two sonnes, but those three  
Dide without issue, Anne that did suruiue,  
And now was left her fathers onely heyre,  
My fortune was to marry, being too  
By my grandfather of King Edwardes line,  
So of his surname, I am calde you know,  
Richard Plantagenet, my father was,  
Edward the Duke of Yorke, and son and heyre  
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's first sonne.

Scroop So that it seemes your claime comes by your wife,  
A lawfull heyre to Roger Mortimer,  
The son of Edmund, which did marry Phillip  
Daughter and heyre to Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

Cam. True, for this Harry, and his father both  
Harry the first, as plainly doth appeare,  
Are false intruders, and usurp the Crowne,  
For when yong Richard was at Pomfret slaine,

In

## *sir John Old-castle.*

In him the title of prince Edward dide,  
 That was the eldeſt of king Edwards ſonnes:  
 William of Hatfield, and their ſecond brother,  
 Death in his noonage had before bereft:  
 So that my wife deriu'd from Lionell,  
 Third ſonne vnto king Edward, ought proceede,  
 And take poſteſſion of the Diademē  
 Before this Harry, or his father king,  
 Who fetcht their title but from Lancaster,  
 Forth of that royll line. And being thus,  
 What reaſon iſt but ſhe ſhould haue her right?

*Scroope* I am resolu'de our enterprise is iuft.

*Gray* Harry ſhall die, or eſle resigne his crowne.

*Chart.* Performe but that, and Charles the kung of France  
 Shall ayde you lordes, not onely with his men,  
 But ſend you money to maintaine your warres,  
 Fiue hundred thouſand crownes he bade me proffer,  
 If you can ſtop but Harryes voyage for France.

*Scroope* We neuer had a fitter time than now  
 The realme in ſuch diuision as it is.

*Camb.* Besides, you muſt perfwade ye there is due,  
 Vengeance for Richards murder, which althoſh  
 It be deferide, yet will it fall at laſt,  
 And now as likely as another time.  
 Sinne hath had many yeeres to ripen in,  
 And now the haruest cannot be farre off,  
 Wherein the weedes of uſurpation,  
 Are to be cropt, and caſt into the fire.

*Scroope* No more earle Cambridge, here I plight my faith,  
 To ſet vp thee, and thy renowned wife.

*Gray* Gray will performe the ſame, as he is knight.

*Chart.* And to affiſt ye, as I ſaid before,  
 Charters doth gage the honor of his king.

*Scroope* We lacke but now Lord Cobham's fellowship,  
 And then our plot were absolute indeede.

*Camb.* Doubt not of him, my lord, his life's purſu'de

## The first part of

By th' incensed Cleargy, and of late,  
Brought in displeasure with the king, assures  
He may be quickly wonne vnto our faction.  
Who hath the articles were drawne at large  
Of our whole purpose?

*Gray* That haue I my Lord.

*Camb.* We shold not now be farre off from his house,  
Our serious conference hath be guild the way,  
See where his castle stands, giue me the wriung.  
When we are come vnto the speech of him,  
Because we will not stand to make recount,  
Of that which hath beeene saide, here he shall reade *enter Cob.*  
Our mindes at large, and what we craue of him.

*Scroope* A ready way: here comes the man himselfe  
Booted and spurr'd, it seemes he hath beeene riding.

*Camb.* VVell met lord Colham.

*Cobb.* My lord of Cambridge?  
Your honor is most welcome into Kent,  
And all the rest of this faire company.  
I am new come from London, gentle Lordes:  
But will ye not take Cowling for your host,  
And see what entertainment it affordes?

*Camb.* We were intended to haue beeene your guests:  
But now this lucky meeting shall suffice  
To end our busynesse, and deferre that kindnesse.

*Cobb.* Busynesse my lord: what busynesse should you haue  
But to be mery? we haue no delicates,  
But this Ile promise you, a peece of venison,  
A cup of wine, and so forth: hunters fare:  
And if you please, wee'l strike the stagge our selues  
Shall fill our dishes with his wel-fed flesh.

*Scroope* That is indeede the thing we all desire.

*Cobb.* My lordes, and you shall haue your choice with me.

*Camb.* Nay but the stagge which we desire to strike,  
Liues not in Cowling: if you will consent,  
And goe with vs, wee'l bring you to a forrest,

where

## sir John Old-castle.

Where runnes a lusty hierd: amongst the which  
 There is a stagge superior to the rest,  
 A stately beast, that when his fellows runne,  
 He leades the race, and beates the fallen earth,  
 As though he scorndit with his trampling hoofes,  
 Aloft he beares his head, and with his breast,  
 Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the wind:  
 And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth  
 His proud ambitious necke, as if he meant  
 To wound the firmament with forked hornes.

*Cobb.* Tis pity such a goodly beast should die.

*Camb.* Not so, sir Iohn, for he is tyrannous,  
 And gores the other deere, and will not keep  
 Within the limites are appointed him.  
 Of late hees broke into a feuerall,

Which doth belong to me, and there he spoiles  
 Both corne and pasture, two of his wilde race  
 Alike for stealth, and couetous incroatching,  
 Already are remou'd, if he were dead,  
 I should not onely be secure from hurt,  
 But with his body make a royll feast.

*Scroope* How say you then, will you first hunt with vs?

*Cobb.* Faith Lords, I like the pastime, where s the place?

*Camb.* Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,  
 And what occasion we haue for the sport. *be readeſ*

*Cobb.* Call ye this hunting, my lords? Is this the stag  
 You faine would chase, Harry our dread king?  
 So we may make a banquet for the diuell,  
 And in the steede of wholsome meate, prepare  
 A dish of poison to confound our selues.

*Camb.* Why so lord Cobham? see you not our claime?  
 And how imperiously he holdes the crowne?

*Scroope* Besides, you know your selfe is in disgrace,  
 Held as a recreant, and pursude to death.  
 This will defend you from your enemies,  
 And stablish your religion through the land.

## The first part of

*Cobb.* Notorious treason! yet I will conceale  
My secret thought,<sup>aside</sup> to sound the depth of it.  
My lord of Cambridge, I doe see your claime,  
And what good may redound vnto the land,  
By prosecuting of this enterprise.

But where are men? where's power and furniture  
To order such an action? we are w'cakē,  
Harry, you know's a mighty potentate.

*Camb.* Tut, we are strong enough, you are belou'de,  
And many will be glad to follow you,  
We are the light, and some will follow vs:  
Besides, there is hope from France: heres an embassador  
That promiseth both men and money too.  
The commons likewise (as we heare) pretend  
A sodaine tumult, we wil ioyne with them.

*Cobb.* Some likelihoode, I must confessē, to speede:  
But how shall I beleue this is plaine truth?  
You are (my lords) such men as live in Court,  
And highly haue beene fauour'd of the king,  
Especially lord Scroope, whome oftentimes  
He maketh choice of for his bedfellow.  
And you lord Gray are of his priuy councell:  
Is not this a traine to intrappe my life?

*Camb.* Then perish may my soule: what thinke you so?

*Scroope* VVe clef sweare to you.

*Gray* Or take the sacrament.

*Cobb.* Nay you are noble men, and I imagine,  
As you are honorable by birth and bloud,  
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.  
I craue no other testimony but this.  
That you wou'd all subscribe, and set your hands  
Vnto this writing which you gaue to me.

*Camb.* VVith all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?

*Scroope* My pocket should haue one: yea, heere it is.

*Camb.* Give it me lord Scroope: there is my name.

*Scroope* And there is my name.

*Gray*

## *sir John Old-castle*

*Gray And mine.*

*Cobb.* Sir, let me craue,  
That you would likewise write your name with theirs,  
For confirmation of your maisters word,  
The king of Fraunce.

*Char.* That will I noble Lord.

*Cobb.* So now this action is well knit together,  
And I am for you : where's our meeting, lords?

*Camb.* Here if you please, the tenth of July next.

*Cobb.* In Kent? agreed : now let vs in to supper,  
I hope your honors will not away to night.

*Camb.* Yes presenty, for I haue farre to ride,  
About solliciting of other friends.

*Scroope* And we would not be absent from the court,  
Lest thereby grow suspition in the king.

*Cobb.* Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

*Camb.* Not now my lord, we thanke you : so farewell.

*Cob.* Farewell my noble lordes : my noble lords?

My noble villaines, base conspirators,  
How can they looke his Highnesse in the face,  
Whome they so closly study to betray?  
But ile not sleepe vntill I make it knowne.  
This head shall not be burdned with such thoughts,  
Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede  
Offsuch impietie against my king.

Madam, how now?

*Enter Harpoole and the rest.*

*Lady Cobb.* You are welcome home, my Lord,  
Why seeme ye so disquiet in your lookes?  
What hath befallne you that disquiets your minde?

*Lady Po.* Bad newes I am afraide touching my husband.

*Cobb.* Madam, not so : there is your husbands pardon,  
Long may ye live, each joy vnto the other.

*Pomesse.* So great a kindnessse as I knowe not howe to make  
reply, my sense is quite confounded.

*Cobb.* Let that a'one : and madam stay me not,  
For I must backe vnto the court againe

## The first part of

With all the speede I can : Harpoole, my horse.

*Lady Cob.* So soone my Lord? what will you ride all night?

*Cobham* All night or day it must be so, sweete wife,  
Urge me not why or what my busynesse is,  
But get you in : Lord Powesse, beare with me,  
And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worse:  
My house is at your vse. Harpoole away.

*Harp.* Shall I attend your lordship to the court?

*Cobb.* Yea sir, your gelding, mount you presently *exe.*

*Lady Cobb.* I prythee Harpoole, looke vnto thy Lord,  
I do not like this sodaine posting backe.

*Powes* Some earnest busynesse is a foote behike,  
Whate're it be, pray God be his good guide.

*Lady Po.* Amen that hath so highly vs bested.

*Lady Co.* Come madam, and my lord, weele hope the best,  
You shall not into Wales till he retorne.

*Powesse* Though great occasion be we shold departe, yet  
madam will we stay to be relude, of this vnlookt for doubtful  
accident. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some filthy order for warre.*

*Murly.* Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly, no man afore his Leader, follow your master, your Captaine, your Knight that shal be, for the honor of Meale-men, Millers, and Mault-men durne is the mowse, Dicke and Tom for the credite of Dunstable, ding downe the enemie to morrow, ye shall not come into the field like beggars, whare be Leonard and Laurence my two loaders, Lord haue mercie vpon vs, what a world is this? I would giue a couple of shillings for a dozen of good fethers for ye, and forty pence for as many skarfes to set ye out withall, frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be braue.

*Dicke* Master I hope we be no babes, for our manhood, our bucklers, and our towne foote-balls can beare witness: and this lite parrell we haue shall off, and wee l fight naked afore we runne away.

*A Tom.* Nay, I am of Laurence mind for that, for he meanes

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## sir John Old-castle.

to leaue his life behind hiin, he and Leonard your two loaders  
are making their wills because they haue wiues , now we Ba-  
chellers bid our friends scramble for our goods if we die : but  
master, pray ye let me ride vpon Cutte.

*Murly* Meale and salt, wheat and mault, fire and tow, frost  
and snow, why Tom thou shalt let me see, here are you, Wil-  
liam and George are with my cart , and Robin and Hodge  
holding my owne two horses, proper men, handson men, tall  
men, true men.

*Dicke* But master, master, me thinkes you are a mad man,  
to hazard your owne person and a cart load of money too.

*Tom.* Yea , and maister theres a worse matter in t, if it be  
as I heard say , we go to fight against all the learned Bishops,  
that should giue vs their blessing, and if they curse vs, we shall  
speede nere the better.

*Dicke* Nay bir lady, some say the King takes their part, and  
master, dare you fight against the King?

*Murly* Fie paltry, paltry in and out, to and fro vpon occa-  
sion , if the King be so vnwise to come there, weeble fight  
with him too.

*Tom.* What if ye should kill the King?

*Mur.* Then weeble make another.

*Dicke* Is that all, do ye not speake treason?

*Mur.* If we do, who dare trippe vs? we come to fight for  
our conscience, and for honor, little know you what is in my  
bosome, looke here madde knaues, a paire of guilt spurres.

*Tom.* A paire of golden spurres? why do you not put them  
on your heeles? your bosome's no place for spurres.

*Mur.* Bee't more or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue mer-  
cy vs, Tom th' art a foole, and thou speakest treason to knight-  
hood, dare any weare golden or siluer spurs til he be a knight?  
no, I shall be knighted to morrow, and then they shall on: sirs,  
was it euer read in the church booke of Dunstable, that euer  
mault man was made knight?

*Tom.* No but you are more, you are meal-man, maultman,  
miller, corne-master and all.

*Dicke*

# The first part of

Dicke Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the dnuell and  
all for wealth, you bring more money with you, than all the  
rest.

Mur. The more's my honor, I shal be a knight to morow,  
let me spouse my men, Tom vpon cutte, Dicke vpon hobbe,  
Hodge vpon Ball, Raph vpon Sorrell, and Robin vpon the  
forehorse.

Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. Al friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and fellowes indeede sir Roger.

Act. Why thus you shew your selfea Gentleman,  
To keepe your day, and come so well preprarde,  
Your cart stands yonder, guarded by your men,  
Who tell me it is loaden well with coine,  
What summe is there?

Mur. Ten thousand pound sir Roger, and modestly, de-  
cently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I haue here against  
I be knighted.

Act. Gilt spurs? tis well.

Mur. But where's our armie sir?

Act. Disperst in sundry villages about,  
Some here with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley,  
Totnain, Enfield, Edimunton, Newington,  
Islington, Hogsdon, Pancredge, Kenzington,  
Some neerer Thames, Ratchiffe, Blackwall and Bow,  
But our chiefe strength must be the Londoners,  
Which ere the Sunne to motrow shinc,  
Will be nere fiftie thousand in the field.

Mur. Mary God dild ye daintie my deere, but vpon oc-  
casyon sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and ga-  
ther his power against vs.

Act. No, hee's secure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the Cleargie?

Act. Feare extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, Eullic my boikin, we shall  
carry

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## sir John Old-castle.

carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worshippe, when I am knighted, weeke take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

*Aet.* This night we few in Higate will repose,  
With the first cocke weeke rise and arme our selues,  
To be in Ficket fielde by breake of day,  
And there expect our Generall.

*Mur.* Sir John Old-caste, what if he come not?

*Bourne* Yet our action stands,  
Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

*Mur.* True M. Bourne but who shall make me knight?

*Bener.* He that hath power to be our Generall.

*Aet.* Talke not of trifles, come let s away,  
Our friends of London long till it be day. *exeunt.*

*Enter sir John of Wrootham and Doll.*

*Doll.* By my troth, thou art as ielous a man as liues.

*Priest* Canst thou blame me Doll, thou art my lands, my goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purse, none walkes within xl. miles of London, but a plies thee as truely, as the parish does the poore mans boxe.

*Doll* I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wal, and thou knowest well enough sir John, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench neede to be: and therefore thou hast tried me, that thou hast: by Gods body, I wil not be kept as I haue bin, that I will not.

*Priest* Doll, if this blade holde, theres not a pedler walkes with a pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Marchants shop, weeke haue as good siluer as the King coynes any.

*Doll* What is al the gold spent you tooke the last day from the Courtier?

*Priest* Tis gone Doll, tis flown, merely coine, merely gon, he comes a horse backe that must pay for all, weeke haue as good meate, as mony can get, and as good gownes, as can be bought for gold, be mery wench, the mault-man comes on munday.

F

*Doll*

# The first part of

Doll You might haue left me at Cobham, vntil you had him  
better prouided for.

Priest. No sweet Doll, no, I do not like that, yond old ruffian  
is not for the priest, I do not like a new cleark should come  
in the old bel-frie.

Doll Ah thou art a mad priest yfaith.

Priest Come Doll, Ile see thee safe at some alehouse here  
at Cray; and the next shreepe that comes shall leaue his  
*excuse.*

Enter the King, Suffolke and Butler.

King in great hast. My lord of Suffolke, poste away for life,  
And let our forces of such horse and foote,  
As can be gathered vp by any meanes,  
Make speedy randeuow in Tuttile fields,  
It must be done this euening my Lord,  
This night the rebells meane to draw to head  
Neere Islington, which if your speede preuent not,  
If once they should vnite their seuerall forces,  
Their power is almost thought invincible,  
Away my Lord I will be with you soone.

Suf. I go my Soueraigne with all happy speede. exit

King Make haste my lord of Suffolke as you loue vs,  
Butler, poste you to London with all speede.  
Commaund the Maior, and Shrieues, on their alegiance,  
The cittie gates be presently shut vp,  
And guarded with a strong sufficient watch,  
And not a man be suffered to passe,  
Without a speciall warrant from our selfe.  
Command the Posterne by the Tower be kept,  
And proclamation on the paine of death,  
That not a citizen stirre from his doores,  
Except such as the Maior and Shrieues shall chuse,  
For their owne guarde, and safety of their persons,  
Butler away, haue care vnto my charge.

But. I goe my Soueraigne.

King Butler.

Bur.

## sir John Old-castle.

Bur. My Lord.  
King Goe downe by Grenewich, and command a boate,  
At the Friers bridge attend my comming downe.

Bur. I will my Lord. exit  
King It's time I thinke to looke vnto rebellion,  
When Aeton doth expect vnto his ayd,  
No lesse then fiftie thousand Londoners,  
Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise,  
To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles.

Enter sir John.

Sir John Stand true-man saies a thiefe.  
King Stand thiefe, saies a true man, how if a thiefe?  
Sir John Stand thiefe too.  
King Then thiefe or true-man I see I must stand, I see how  
soever the world wagges, the trade of theeuing yet will never  
downe, what art thou?

Sir John A good fellow.  
King So am I too, I see thou dost know me.  
Sir John If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes  
part, deliuier thy purse without more adoe.

King I haue no mony.  
Sir John I must make you find some before we part, if you  
haue no mony you shal haue ware, as many sound drie blows  
as your skin can carrie.

King Is that the plaine truth?  
Sir John Sirra no more adoe, come, come, give me the mony  
you haue, dispatch, I cannot stand all day.  
King Wel, if thou wilt needs haue it, there tis: iust the prouerb,  
one thiefe robs another, where the diuel are all my old theeuues,  
that were wont to keepe this walke? Falstaffe the villaine is so  
fat, he cannot get on's horse, but me thinkes Poynes and Petö  
should be stirring here abouts.

Sir John How much is there on't of thy word?  
King A hundred pound in Angels, on my word,  
The time has beeene I would haue done as much  
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I haue now.

# The first part of

*sir John* Sirra, what art thou, thou seem'st a gentleman.

*King* I am no lesle, yet a poore one now, for thou hast all my mony.

*sir John* From whence cam'st thou?

*King* From the court at Eltham.

*sir John* Art thou one of the Kings seruants?

*King* Yes that I am, and one of his chamber.

*sir John* I am glad thou art no worse, thou maist the better spare thy mony, & thinkst thou thou mightist get a poor thiefe his pardon if he shoulde haue neede.

*King* Yes that I can.

*sir John* Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall haue occasion?

*King* Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.

*sir John* Nay, I am a pitifull thiefe, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, Ile kill no man.

*King* Then of my word Ile do it.

*sir John* Giue me thy hand of the same.

*King* There tis.

*sir John* Methinks the King should be good to theues because he has bin a thiefe himselfe, though I thinke now he be turned true-man.

*King* Faith I haue heard indeed he has had an il name that way in his youth, but how canst thou tell, he has beene a thiefe?

*sir John* How? because he once robde me before I fell to the trade my selfe, when that foule villaimons guts, that led him to all that rogery, was in's company there, that Falstaffe.

*King aside.* Well if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now Ile be sworne: thou knowest not the king now, I thinke, if thou sawest him?

*sir John* Not I yfaith.

*King aside.* So it should seeme.

*sir John* Well, if old King Henry had liu'de, this King that is now, had made thecwing the best trade in England.

*King*

## sir John Old-castle.

*King* Why so?

*sir John* Because he was the chiefe warden of our company, it's pittie that ere he should haue bin a King, he was so braue a thiefe, but sirra, wilt remember my pardon if neede be?

*King* Yes faith will I.

*sir John* Wilt thou? well then because thou shalt go safe, for thou mayest hap (being so earely) be met with againe, before thou come to Southwarke, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but sir John, and he will let thee passe.

*King* Is that the word? well then let me alone.

*sir John* Nay sirra, because I thinke indeede I shall haue some occasion to vse thee, & as thou comst oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here, ile breake this Angell, take thou halfe of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

*King*. God haue mercy, farewell.

*exit*

*sir John* O my fine golden slaues, heres for thee wench yfaith, now Dol, we wil reuel in our beuer, this is a tyth pigge of my vicaridge, God haue mercy neigbour Shooters hill, you paid your tyth honestly. Wel I heare there is a company of rebelles vp against the King, got together in Ficket field neere Holborne, and as it is thoughte here in Kent, the King will be there to night in's owne person, well ile to the Kings camp, and it shall go hard, but if there be any doings, Ille make some good boote amongst them.

*exit*

Enter King Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two  
with lights.

*K.Hen.* My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington,  
Who skouts it now? or who stands Sentinells?  
What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?

*Suff.* May it please your Highnesse.

*K.Hen.* Peace, no more of that,  
The King's asleepe, wake not his maiestie,

F 3

With

# *The first part of*

With termes nor titles, hee's at rest in bed,  
Kings do not vse to watch themselues, they sleepe,  
And let rebellion and conspiracie,  
Reuel and hauocke in the common wealth,  
Is London lookt vnto?

*Hunt.* It is my Lord,  
Your noble Vnde Exceter is there,  
Your brother Gloucester and my Lord of Warwicke,  
Who with the maior and the Aldermen,  
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within,  
The Earle of Cambridge, and sir Thomas Gray,  
Do walke the Round, Lord Scroope and Butler skout,  
So though it please your maestie to iest,  
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest,

*K.Hen.* I thank ye Lords, but you do know of old,  
That I haue bin a perfect night-walker,  
London you say is safely lookt vnto,  
Alas poore rebels, there your ayd must faile,  
And the Lord Cobham sir John Old-castle,  
Hee's quiet in Kent, Aeton ye are deceiu'd,  
Reckon againe, you count without your host,  
To morrow you shall giue account to vs,  
Til when my friends, this long cold winters night, !  
How can we spend? King Harry is a sleepe,  
And al his Lords, these garments tel vs so,  
Al friends at footebal, fellowes all in field,  
Harry, and Dicke, and George, bring vs a drumme,  
Giue vs square dice, weeke keepe this court of guard,  
For al good fellowes companies that come.  
Wheres that mad priest ye told me was in Armes,  
To fight, as wel as pray, if neede required?

*Suff.* Hees in the Camp, and if he knew of this,  
I vndertake he would not be long hence.

*Har.* Trippe Dicke, Trippe George.

*they trippe.*

*Hunt.* I must haue the dice,  
What do we play at?

*the play at dice.*

*Suff.*

## *sir John Old-castle*

*Suff.* Passage if ye please.

*Hunt.* Set round then, so, at all.

*Har.* George, you are out.

Giue me the dice, I passe for twentie pound,  
Heres to our luckie passage into France.

*Hunt.* Harry you passe indeede for you sweepe all.

*Suff.* A signe king Harry shal sweep al in France. *ent. sir John*

*sir John* Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamster in.

*Har.* Master Parson? we play nothing but gold?

*sir John.* And fellow, I tel thee that the priest hath gold, gold?  
sbloud ye are but beggerly souldiers to me, I thinke I haue  
more gold than all you three.

*Hunt.* It may be so, but we beleue it not.

*Har.* Set priest set, I passe for all that gold.

*sir John* Ye passe indeede.

*Harry* Priest, hast thou any more?

*sir John* Zounds what a question's that?

I tell thee I haue more then all you three,  
At these ten Angells.

*Harry.* I wonder how thou comst by all this gold,  
How many benefices hast thou priest?

*sir John* Yfaith but one, dost wonder how I come by gold?  
I wonder rather how poore souldiers should haue gold, for  
Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tythes, offerings,  
christnings, weddings, burialls: and you poore snakes come  
seldome to a bootie. Ile speake a prowde word, I haue but one  
parsonage, Wrootham, tis better than the Bishoprick of Ro-  
chester, theres neare a hill, heath, nor downe in all Kent, but tis  
in my parish, Barham downe, Chobham downe, Gads hill,  
Wrootham hill, Blache heath, Cockes heath, Birchen wood,  
all pay me tythe, gold quoth a? ye passe not for that.

*Suff.* Harry ye are out, now parson shake the dice.

*sir John.* Set, set Ile couer ye at al: A plague on't I am out,  
the diuell, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

*Suff.* Saist thou so priest? sei faire, at all for once.

*Har.* Out sir, pay all.

*sir John*

# The first part of

sir Iohn Sbloud pay me angel gold,  
Ile none of your crackt French crownes nor pistolets,  
Pay me faire angel gold, as I pay you.

Har. No crackt french crownes? I hope to see more crackt  
french crownes ere long.

sir Iohn Thou meanest of French mens crownes, when the  
King is in France.

Hunt. Set round, at all.

sir Ibon Pay all: this is some lucke.

Har. Giue me the dice, tis I must shread the priest:  
At all sir Iohn.

sir Iohn The diuell and all is yours: at that: fdeath, what  
wasting is this?

Suff. Well throwne Harry yfaith.

Har. Ile cast better yet.

sir Iohn Then Ile be hangd. Sirra, hast thou not giuen thy  
soule to the diuell for casting?

Har. I passe for all.

sir Iohn Thou passest all that ere I playde withall  
Sirra, dost thou not cogge, nor foist, nor slurre?

Har. Set parson, set, the dice die in my hand:  
When parson, when? what can ye finde no more?  
Alreadie drie? wast you bragd of your store?

sir Ibon Alls gone but that.

Hunt. What, halfe a broken angell?

sir Ibon Why sir, tis gold.

Har. Yea, and Ile couer it.

sir Ibon The diuell do ye good on't, I am blinde, yee haue  
blowne me vp.

Har. Nay tarry priest, ye shall not leaue vs yet,  
Do not these peeces fit each other well?

sir Ibon What if they do?

Har. Thereby beginnes a tale:  
There was a thiefe, in face much like sir Iohn,  
But t'was not hee, that thiefe was all in greene,  
Met me last day on Blacke Heath, neare the parke,

with

## sir John Old-castle.

With him a woman, I was at alone,  
 And weaponlesse, my boy had al my tooles,  
 And was before providing me a boate:  
 Short tale to make, sir John, the chife I meane,  
 Tooke a iust hundred pound in gold from me.  
 I storm'd at it, and ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> go before eng'd  
 If ere we met, he like a ~~man~~ <sup>tefe</sup>,  
 Brake with his teeth this ~~ring~~ <sup>ring</sup> in two,  
 To be a token at our meeting next,  
 Prouided, I should charge no Officer  
 To apprehend him, but at weapons point  
 Recouer that, and what he had beside.  
 Well met sir John, betake ye to your tooles  
 By torch light, for master parson you are he  
 That had my gold.

*sir John* Zounds I won't in play, in faire square play of the keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintaine with this poore whinyard, be you two honest men to stand and looke vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither part.

*Har.* Agreede, I charge ye do not boudge a foot,  
 Sir John haue at ye.

*sir John* Souldier ware your skonce.

*Here as they are ready to strike, enter Butler and drawes his weapon and steps berwixt them.*

*But.* Hold villaines hold, my Lords, what do ye meane,  
 To see a traitor draw against the King?

*sir John* The King! Gods wil, I am in a proper pickle.

*Har.* Butler what newes? why dost thou trouble vs?

*But.* Please it your Highnesse, it is breake of day,  
 And as I skouted neare to Islington,  
 The gray ey'd morning gaue me glimmering,  
 Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,  
 Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

*Har.* Let vs withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troopes,  
 To charge the rebels, if there be such cause,  
 For this lewd priest this diuellish hypocrite,

## The first part of

That is a thiefe, a gamster, and what not,  
Let him be hang'd vp for example sake.

*sir John* Not so my gracious soueraigne, I confess I am a  
frayle man, flesh and bloud as other are: but set my imperfekte-  
ions aside, by this light ye haue not a taller man, nor a truer sub-  
iect to the Crowne and State, than sir John of VVrootham.

*Har.* Wil a true subiect robb his King?

*sir John* Alas twas ignorance and want, my gracious liege.

*Har.* Twas want of grace: why, you should be as salt  
To season others with good document,  
Your liues as lampes to give the people light,  
As shepheards, not as wolues to spoile the flock,  
Go hang him Butler.

*But.* Didst thou not rob me?

*sir John* I must confess I saw some of your gold, but my  
dread Lord, I am in no humor for death, therfore save my life,  
God will that sinners live; do not you cause me die, once in  
their liues the best may goe astray, and if the world say true,  
your selfe (my liege) haue bin a thiefe.

*Har.* I confess I haue,  
But I repent and haue reclaimd my selfe.

*sir John* So will I do if you will give me time.

*Har.* Wilt thou? my lords, will you be his suerties?

*Hurt.* That when he robs againe, he shall be hang'd.

*sir John* I aske no more.

*Har.* And we will grant theo that,  
Live and repent, and proue an honest man,  
Which when I heare, and safe returne from France,  
Ile give thee living, till when take thy gold,  
But spend it better then at cards or wine,  
For better vertues fit that coate of thine.

*sir John* *Vixat Rex & currat lex, my liege,* if ye haue cause  
of battell, ye shal see sir John of Wrootham bestirre himself in  
your quarrel.

*After an alarum enter Harry, Suffolk, Huntington, sir John, bring-  
ing forth Acton, Beverly, and Newleyn prisoners.*

*Har.*

## sir John Old-castle.

*Har.* Bring in those traitors, whose aspiring minds,  
Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow,  
But now ye see, base villaines, what successe  
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.  
Sir Roger Acton, thou retainst the name  
Of knight, and shouldest be more discreetly temperd,  
Than ioyne with peasants, gentry is diuine,  
But thou hast made it more then popular.

*Act.* Pardon my Lord, my conscience vrg'd me to it,

*Har.* Thy conscience? then thy conscience is corrupt,  
For in thy conscience thou art bound to vs,  
And in thy conscience thou shouldest loue thy country,  
Else what's the difference twixt a Christian,  
And the vnciuil manners of the Turke?

*Besuer.* We meant no hurt vnto your maiesty,  
But reformation of Religion.

*Har.* Reforme Religion? was it that ye sought?  
I pray who gaue you that authority?  
Belike then we do hold the scepter vp,  
And sit within the throne but for a cipher;  
Time was, good subiects would make knowne their griefe,  
And pray amendment, not inforce the same,  
Vnlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope  
You cannot iustly say that Harry is,  
What is that other?

*Suff.* A mault-man my Lord,  
And dwelling in Dunstable as he saies.

*Har.* Sirra what made you leaue your barly broth,  
To come in armour thus against your King?

*Mur.* Fie paltry, paltry to and fro, in and out vpon occasi-  
on, what a worlde's this? knight-hood (my liege) twas knight-  
hood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough  
to make my wife a lady.

*Har.* And so you brought those horses which we saw,  
Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant  
To weare these spurs when you were knighted once.

# The first part of

Mur. In and out vpon occasion I did.

Har. In and out vpon occasion, therefore you shall be hang'd, and in the sted of wearing these spurres vpon your heeles, about your necke they shall bewray your folly to the world.

sir John. In and out vpon occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie paltry paltry, to and fro, good my liege a pardon, I am sory for my fault.

Har. That comes too late: but tell me, went there none Beside sir Roger Acton, vpon whom You did depend to be your gouernour?

Mar. None none my Lord, but sir John Old-castle.

Har. Beares he part in this conspiracie. *enter Bishop*

Act. We lookt my Lord that he would meet vs here.

Har. But did he promise you that he would come.

Act. Such letters we receiuued forth of Kent.

Bish. Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace, Examining my Lord some of these caitife rebels, It is a generall voyce amongst them all, That they had never come vnto this place, But to haue met their valiant general, *h. o.* The good Lord Cobham as they title him, Whereby, my Lord, your grace may now perceiue, His treason is apparent, which before He sought to colour by his flattery.

Har. Now by my roialtie I would haue sworne, But for his conscience, which I beare withall, There had not liude a more true hearted subiect.

Bish. It is but counterfeit, my gracious lords, And therefore may it please your maestie, To set your hand vnto this precept here, By which weel cause him forthwith to appeare, And answer this by order of the law.

Har. Bishop, not only that, but take commission, To search, attach, imprison, and condemne, This most notorious traitor as you please.

Bish.

## sir John Old-castle.

*Bis.* It shall be done, my Lord, without delay:  
So now I hold Lord Cobham in my hand,  
That which shall finish thy disdained life.

*Har.* I thinke the yron age begins but now,  
(Which learned poets haue so often taught)  
Wherein there is no credit to be giuen,  
To either wordes, or lookes, or solemnne oathes,  
For if there were, how often hath he sworne,  
How gently tun'de the musicke of his tongue,  
And with what amiable face beheld he me,  
When all, God knowes, was but hypocrisie. *enter Cobham.*

*Cob.* Long life and prosperous raigne vnto my Lord.

*Har.* Ah villaine, canst thou wish prosperitie,  
Whose heart includeth naught but treacherie?  
I do arrest thee here my selfe, false knight,  
Of treason capitall against the state.

*Cob.* Of treason mightie prince, your grace mistakes,  
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

*Har.* Thy necke shall feele it is in earnest shordy,  
Darst thou intrude into our presence, knowing  
How haynously thou hast offended vs?  
But this is thy accustomed deceit,  
Now thou perceiust thy purpose is in vaine,  
With some excuse or other thou wilt come,  
To cleere thy selfe of this rebellion.

*Cob.* Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.

*Har.* If you deny it, here is evidence,  
See you these men, you never countelled,  
Nor offerd them assistance in their warres

*Cob.* Speake sirs, not one but all, I craue no favour,  
Haue euer I beeene conuersant with you,  
Or written letters to incourage you,  
Or kindled but the least or smallest part,  
Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?  
Speake for I dare the vittermost you can.

*Mur.* In and out upon occasion I know you not.

# The first part of

*Har.* No, didst not say that sir John Old-castle,  
Was one with whom you purposde to haue met?

*Mur.* True, I did say so, but in what respect?  
Because I heard it was reported so.

*Har.* Was there no other argument but that?

*Act.* To cleere my conscience ere I die my lord,  
I must confessse, we haue no other ground  
But only Rumor, to accuse this lord,  
Which now I see was merely fabulous.

*Har.* The more pernicious you to taint him then,  
Whome you knew not was faulty yea or no.

*Cobb.* Let this my Lord, which I present your grace  
Speake for my loyalty, reade these articles,  
And then giue sentence of my life or death.

*Har.* Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted  
With bribes from Charles of France, either to winne  
My Crowne from me, or secretly contrive  
My death by treason? Is this possible?

*Cobb.* There is the platforme, and their hands, my lord,  
Each feuerally subscribed to the same.

*Har.* Oh neuer heard of base ingratitude!  
Euen those I hugge within my bosome most,  
Are readiest evermore to sting my heart.  
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,  
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.  
Is then their time of meeting so neere hand?  
Weele meete with them, but little for their ease,  
If God permit: goe take these rebells hence,  
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,  
Friend to thy king and country, still be free. *Exe<sup>n</sup>m.*

*Mur.* Be it more or lesse, what a world is this?  
Would I had continued still of the order of knaues,  
And neuer so agh特 knighthood, since it costes  
So deere: sir Roger, I may thanke you for all.

*Acton.* Now tis too late to haue it remedied,  
I prithee Murley doe not vrge me with it.

*Hunt.*

## sir John Old-castle

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Murl. Fy paltry paltry, to and fro, as occasion serues,  
If you be so hasty take my place.

Hunt. No good sir knight, you shall begin in your hand.

Murl. I could be glad to giue my betters place. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bishop, lord Warden, Croamer the Shriene, Lady Cob. and attendants.*

Bishop I tell ye Lady, its not possible  
But you should know where he conueies himselfe,  
And you haue hid him in some secret place.

Lady My Lord, beleue me, as I haue a soule,  
I know not where my lord my husband is.

Bishop Go to, go to, ye are an heretike,  
And will be forcde by torture to confessse,  
If faire meanes will not serue to make ye tell.

Lady My husband is a noble gentleman,  
And neede not hide hiynselfe for anie fact  
That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

Bishop Your husband is a dangerous schismaticke,  
Traitor to God, the King, and common wealth,  
And thererfore master Croamer shrieue of Kent,  
I charge you take her to your custodie,  
And ceaze the goods of Sir John Old-castle  
To the Kings vse, let her go in no more,  
To fetch so much as her apparell out,  
There is your warrant from his maiestie.

L.War. Good my Lord Bishop pacifie your wrath  
Against the Lady.

Bish. Then let her confessse  
Where Old-castle her husband is conceald.

L.War. I dare engage mine honor and my life,  
Poore gentlewoman, she is ignorant,  
And innocent of all his practises,  
If any euill by him be practised.

Bish. If my Lord Warden? nay then I charge you,

That

## The first part of

That all the cinque Ports whereof you are chiefe,  
Be laid forthwith, that he escape vs not,  
Shew him his highnesse warrant M.Shrieue.

*L.War.* I am sorie for the noble gentleman, *Enter Old-ca-*  
*Bish.* Peace, he comes here, now do your office. *Sle & Harp.*

*Old-castle* Harpoole what busynesse haue we here in hand?  
**VV**hat makes the Bishop and the Shiriffe here,  
I feare my comming home is dangerous,  
I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

*Harp.* Ee of good cheere my Lord, if they be foes weeke  
scramble shrewdly with them, if they be friends they are wel-  
come: one of them (my Lord Warden) is your friend, but me  
thinkes my ladie weepes, I like not that.

*Croo.* Sir John Old-castle Lord Cobham, in the Kings  
maiesties name, I arrest ye of high treason.

*Oldca.* Treason M. Croomes?

*Harp.* Treason M. Shrieue, sbloud what treason?

*Oldca.* Harpoole I charge thee stirre not, but be quiet still,  
Do ye arrest me M. Shrieue for treason?

*Bish.* Yea of high treason, traitor, heretike.

*Oldca.* Defiance in his face that calls me so,  
I am as true a loyall gentleman  
Vnto his highnesse, as my proudest enemie,  
The King shall witnesse my late faufull seruice,  
For safety of his sacred maestie.

*Bish.* VVhat thou art, the kings hand shall testifie,  
Shewt him Lord Warden.

*Old.* Iesu defend me,  
Is't possible your cunning could so temper  
The princely disposition of his mind,  
To signe the damage of a royll subiect?  
Well, the best is, it beares an antedate,  
Procured by my absence, and your malice,  
But I, since that, haue shewd my selfe as true,  
As any churchman that dare challenge me,  
Let me be brought before his maestie,

If

## *sir John Old-castle.*

If he acquite me not, then do your worst.

*Bisb.* We are not bound to do kind offices  
For any traitor, schismatike, nor heretike,  
The kings hand is our warrant for our worke,  
Who is departed on his way for France,  
And at Southhampton doth repose this night.

*Harp.* O that it were the blessed will of God, that thou  
and I were within twenty mile of it, on Salisbury plaine! I  
would lose my head if euer thou broughtest thy head hither a-  
gaine.  
*aside.*

*Oldca.* My Lord Warden o' th cinque Ports, & my Lord of  
Rochester, ye are ioynt Commissioners, fauor me so much,  
On my expence to bring me to the king.

*Bisb.* What, to Southampton?

*Oldca.* Thither my god Lord,  
And if he do not cleare me of al guilt,  
And all suspition of conspiracie,  
Pawning his princely warrant for my truth:  
I aske no fauour, but extreamest torture.  
Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,  
Good my Lord Warden, M Shrieue, entreat.

*Here the Lord Warden, and Cromer uncover to the Bishop, and  
secretly whispers with him.*

Come hither lady, nay, sweet wife forbear,  
To heape one sorrow on anothers necke,  
Tis griefe enough falsly to be accusde,  
And not permitted to acquite my selfe,  
Do not thou with thy kind respectiue teares,  
Torment thy husbands heart that bleedes for thee,  
But be of comfort, God hath help in store,  
For those that put assured trust in him.  
Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower,  
Come vp to London to your sisters house:  
That being neare me, you may comfort me.  
One solace find I setled in my soule,  
That I am free from treasons very thought,

# The first part of

Only my conscience for the Gospels sake,  
Is cause of all the troubles I sustaine.

Lady. O my deere Lord, what shall betide of vs?  
You to the Tower, and I turnd out of doores,  
Our substance ceaz'd vnto his highnesse vse,  
Euen to the garments longing to our backes.

Harp. Patience good madame, things at worst will mend,  
And if they doe not, yet our liues may end.

Bis. Vrge it no more, for if an Angell spake,  
I sweare by sweet saint Peters blessed keyes,  
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

Crom. But by your leaue, this warrant doth not stretch  
To imprison her.

Bishop No, turne her out of doores, L.Warden and  
Oldcastle whisper.  
Euen as she is, and leade him to the Tower,  
With guard enough for feare of rescuing.

Lady O God requite thee thou bloud-thirsty man.

Oldca. May it not be my Lord of Rochester?  
Wherein haue I incurd your hate so farre,  
That my appeale vnto the King's denide?

Bis. No hate of mine, but power of holy church,  
Forbids all fauor to false heretikes.

Oldca. Your private malice more than publike power,  
Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.

Harp. O that I had the Bishop in that feare, afide  
That once I had his Sumner by our selues.

Crom. My Lord yet graunt one sute vnto vs all,  
That this same auncient seruving man may waite  
Vpon my lord his master in the Tower.

Bis. This old iniquitie, this heretike?  
That in contempt of our church discipline,  
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his processe?  
Old Russian past-grace, vpstart schismatike,  
Had not the King prayd vs to pardon ye,  
Ye had fryed for it, ye grizild heretike.

Harp. Sbloud my lord Bishop, ye do me wrong, I am ne-  
ther

## Sir John Old-castle

ther heretike nor puritane, but of the old church, ile sware,  
drinke ale, kisse a wench, go to masle, eate fish all Lent, and fast  
fridaies with cakes and wine, fruite and spicerie, shrieve me of  
my old sinnes afore Easter, and beginne new afore whitson-  
tide.

*Crow.* A merie mad conceited knaue my lord.

*Harp.* That knaue was simply put vpon the Bishop.

*Bish.* V Vel, God forgiue him and I pardon him.

Let him attend his master in the Tower,  
For I in charity wch his soule no hurt.

*Old-c.* God blesse my soule from such cold charitie,

*Bish.* Too th Tower with him, and when my leisure serues,  
I will examine him of Articles,  
Looke my lord Warden as you haue in charge,  
The Shrieve perorme his office.

*L.Ward.* Yes my lord.

*Enter the Sumner with bookes.*

*Bish.* VVhat bringst thou there? what? bookes of heresie.

*Som.* Yea my lord, heres not a latine booke,  
No not so much as our ladies Psalter,  
Heres the Bible, the testament, the Psalmes in meter,  
The sickemens salue, the treasure of gladnesse,  
And al in English, not so much but the Almanack's English.

*Bish.* Away with them, to th fire with them Clun,  
Now sic vpon these vpstart hereukes,  
Al English, burne them, burne them quickly Clun.

*Harp.* But doe not Sunner as voule answeire it, for I haue  
ther English bookes my lord, that ile not part with for your  
Fisshoppricke, Bevis of Hampton, Owleglass, the Frier and  
the Bov, Ellen of Ruitning, Robin hood, and other such  
godly stories which if ye burne, by this flesh ile make ye drink  
their ashes in S. Margets ale.

*exeunt.*

*Enter the Bishop of Rochester with his men, in  
huerie roates.*

*I.Sey.* Is it your honors pleasure we shal stay,  
Or come backe in the afternoon to fetch you.

H 2

*Bish.*

## The first part of

Bisb. Now you have brought me heere into the Tower,  
You may go backe vnto the Porters Lodge,  
And send for drinke or such things as you want,  
Where if I haue occasion to imploy you,  
Ile send some officer to cal you to me.  
Into the cittie go not, I commaund you,  
Perhaps I may haue present neede to vse you.

2 We will attend your worship here without.

Bisb. Do so, I pray you.

3 Come, we may haue a quart of wine at the Rose at Bark-  
ing, I warrant you, and come backe an hower before he be  
ready to go.

1 We must haue vs then.

3 Let's away.

Bisb. Ho, M. Lieutenant.

exonmt.

Liefien. Who calls there?

Bisb. A friend of yours.

Liefien. My lord of Rochester, your honor's welcome.

Bisb. Sir heres my warrant from the Counsell,  
For conference with sir John Old-castle,  
Vpon some matter of great consequence.

Liefien. Ho, sir John.

Harp. Who calls there?

Liefien. Harpoole, tel Sir John, that my lord of Rochester  
comes from the counsell to conferre with him.

Harp. I will sit.

Lief. I thinke you may as safe without suspition,  
As any man in England as I heare,  
For it was you most labor'd his commitment.

Bisb. I did sir, and nothing repented I assure you.

Enter sir John Old-castle.

M. Lieutenant I pray you giue vs leaue,  
I must conferre here with sir John a little.

Lief. With all my heart my lord.

Harp aside. My lord be rulde by me, take this occasion  
while tis offered, and on my life your lordship shal escape.

Old-ca.

## *sir John Old-castle.*

*Old-ca.* No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.

*Bish.* Sir John I am come vnto you from the lords of his highnesse most honorable counsell, to know if yet you do recant your errors, conforming you vnto the holy church.

*Old-ca.* My lord of Rochester on good advise,  
I see my error, but yet vnderstand me,  
I meane not error in the faith I hold,  
But error in submitting to your pleasure,  
Therefore your lordship without more to do,  
Must be a meanes to help me to escape.

*Bish.* What meanes? thou heretike?  
Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

*sir John* No not to hurt you for a thousand pound,

*Harp.* Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments a little; not a word more, for if you do, you die: peace, for wakynge the children there, put them on, dispatch, my lord, the window that goes out into the leads, is sure enough, I told you that before, there, make you ready, ile conuay him after, and bind him surely in the inner roome.

*Old-ca.* This is wel begun, God send vs happie speed,  
Hard shifte you see men make in time of need: Harpoole.

*Harp.* Heere my Lord, come come away.

*Enter seruynge men againe.*

1 I maruell that my lord should stay so long.

2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my life.

3 We come in good time, see where he is comming.

*Harp.* I beseech you good my lord of Rochester, be fauorable to my lord and maister.

*Old-ca.* The inner roomes be very hot and close,  
I do not like this ayre here in the Tower.

*Harp.* His case is hard my lord, you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which time get you away.

*Old-ca.* Fellow thou troublest me.

*Harp.* Heare me my Lord, hard vnder Issington wait you my comming, I will bring my Lady ready, with horses

# The first part of

to comay you hence.

Old-ca. Fellow, go back againe vnto thy Lord and counsell him.

Harp. Nay my good lord of Rochester, ile bring you to S. Albons through the woods, I warrant you.

Old-ca. Villaine away.

Harp. Nay since I am past the Towers libertie, thou part'ſt  
not ſo. he drawes.

Bif. Clubbes clubs, clubs.

1 Murther, murther murther.

2 Downe with him.

they fight.

3 A villaine traitor.

Harp. You cowardly rogues. fir John e'capes.

Enter Lieutenant and his men.

Lief. Who is ſo bold as dare to draw a ſword,  
So neare vnto the entrance of the Tower?

I This ruffian ſeruant to fir John Old-castle was like to  
haue ſlaine my Lord.

Lief. Lay hold on him.

Harp. Stand off if you loue your puddings.

Rochester calls within.

Roch within. Help help, help, M. Lieutenant help.

Lief. Who's that within? ſome treafon in the Tower vpon  
my life, looke in, who's that which calls? enter Roch. bound.

Lief. Without your cloke my lord of Rochester?

Harp. There, now it workes, then let me ſpeed, for now is  
the fitteſt time for me to ſcape away. exis

Lief. Why do you looke ſo ghastly and affrighted?

Roch. Old-castle that traitor and his man,  
When you had left me to conſerre with him,  
Tooke, bound, and ſtript me, as you ſee,  
And left me lying in his inner chamber,  
And ſo departed, and I

Lief. And you! ne're ſay that the Lord Cobhams man  
Did here ſet vpon you like to murther you.

I And ſo he did.

Roch.

## sir John Old-castle.

*Roch.* It was vpon his master then he did,  
That in the brawle the traitor might escape.

*Lief.* Where is this Harpoole?

*2* Here he was euен now.

*Lief.* Where can you tell? they are both escap'd,  
Since it so happens that he is escap'de,  
I am glad you are a witnessse of the same,  
It might haue else beene laid vnto my charge,  
That I had beene consenting to the fact.

*Roch.* Come, search shal be made for him with expedition,  
the hauens laid that he shall not escape, and hue and crye con-  
nue thorough England, to find this damned dangerous here-  
tike.

*exceut.*

*Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, as in a chamber, and set  
downe at a table, consulting about their treason: King Harry  
and Suffolke listning at the doore.*

*Camb.* In mine opinion, Scroope hath well aduisde,  
Poison will be the only aptest meane,  
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

*Gray* But yet there may be doubt in their deliuery,  
Harry is wise, therefore Earle of Cambridge,  
I Judge that way not so conuenient.

*Scroop* What thinke ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,  
And vnsuspected nightly sleepe with him.  
VVhat if I venture in those silent houres,  
VWhen sleepe hath sealed vp all mortall eies,  
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?

*Camb.* Herein consistes no safetie for your selfe,  
And you disclosde, what shall become of vs?  
But this day (as ye know) he will aboord,  
The wind so faire, and set away for France,  
If as he goes, or entring in the ship,  
It might be done, then it were excellent,

*Gray* VVhy any of these, or if you will,  
Ile cause a present sittng of the Councell,  
VWherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,

*As*

## The first part of

As needes must haue his royll company,  
And to dispatch him in the Councell chamber.

Camb. Tush, yet I heare not any thing to purpose,  
I wonder that lord Cobham staines so long,  
His counsell in this case would much auaile vs.

*They rise from the table, and the King steps  
into them with his Lordes.*

Scroop What shal we rise thus, and determine nothing?

Har. That were a shaine indeede, no, sit againe,  
And you shall haue my counsell in this case,  
If you can find no way to kill this King,  
Then you shall see how I can further ye,  
Scroopes way by poison was indifferent,  
But yet being bed-fellow vnto the King,  
And vnsuspected sleeping in his bosome,  
In mine opinion, that's the likelier way,  
For such false friends are able to do much.  
And silent night is Treason's fittest friend,  
Now, Cambridge in his seing hence for France,  
Or by the way, or as he goes aboord,  
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,  
Yet somewhat doubtful; might I speake my mind,  
For many reasons needelesse now to vrge.  
Mary Lord Gray came something neare the point,  
To haue the King at councell, and there murder him,  
As Cæsar was amongst his dearest friends:  
None like to that, if all were of his mind.  
Tell me oh tel me you bright honors staines,  
For which of all my kindnesses to you,  
Are ye become thus traitors to your king?  
And France must haue the spoile of Harrys life?

All. Oh pardon vs dread lord. *all kneeling.*

Har. How pardon ye? that were a sinne indeed,  
Drag them to death, which justly they deserue, *they leade*  
And France shall dearly buy this villany, *them away.*  
So soone as we set footing on her breast,

God

## sir John Old-castle.

God haue the praise for our deliuernace,  
And next, our thankes (Lord Cobham) is to thee,  
True perfect mirror of nobilitie. *exeunt.*

*Enter the hoste, sir Iohn Old-castle, and Harpoole.*

*Hoste* Sir, you are welcome to this house, to such as heere is with all my heart, but by the masse I feare your lodging wilbe the woorst, I haue but two beds, and they are both in a chamber, and the carier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and your wife must lie in the other.

*L.Cobb.* In faith sir, for my selfe I doe not greatly passe, My wife is weary, and would be at rest, For we haue traueld very far to day, We must be content with such as you haue.

*Hoste* But I cannot tell how to doe with your man.

*Harpoole* What, hast thou never an empty roome in thy house for me?

*Hoste* Not a bedde by my troth: there came a poore Irish man, and I lodgde him in the barne, where he has faire straw, though he haue nothing else.

*Harp.* Well mine hoste, I pray thee helpe mee to a payre of faire sheetes, and I'll go lodge with him.

*Hoste* By the masse that thou shalt, a good payre of hempen sheetes, were never laine in: Come. *exeunt.*

*Enter Constable, Maior, and Watch.*

*Maior* What haue you searcht the towne?

*Const.* All the towne sir, we haue not left a house vnsearcht that vses to lodge.

*Maior* Surely my lord of Rochester was then deceiude, Or ill informde of sir John Old-castle, Or if he came this way, hees past the towne, He could not else haue scapt you in the search.

*Const.* The priuy watch hath beene abroad all night, And not a stranger lodgeth in the towne But he is knowne, onely a lusty priest **V V**e found in bed with a pretty wench,

I

That

# The first part of

That sayes she is his wife, yonder at the sheerest:  
But we haue chargde the hoste with his forth comming  
To morow morning.

*Maior* What thinke you best to do?

*Conſt.* Faith maister maior, heeres a few stragling houses be-  
yond the bridge, and a little Inne where cariers vſe to lodge,  
though I thinke surely he would nere lodge there: but wee  
go ſearch, & the rather, because there came notice to the towne  
the laſt night of an Irish man, that had done a murder, whome  
we are to make ſearch for.

*Maior* Come I pray you, and be circumſpect. *exeunt*

*Conſt.* First beſet the house, before you begin the ſearch.

*Officer* Content, every man take a ſeuerall place.

heere is heard a great noyſe within.

Keep, keep, ſtrike him downe there, downe with him.

*Enter Conſtable with the Irish man in Harpoole's apparell.*

*Con.* Come you villainous heretique, confeſſe where your  
maifter is.

*Irish man* Vat mester?

*Maior* Vat mester, you counterfeit rebell, this ſhall not  
ſerue your turne.

*Irish man* Be ſent Pattike I ha no mester.

*Con.* VVheres the lord Cobham ſir John Old-castle that  
lately is escaped out of the Tower.

*Irish man* Vat lord Cobham?

*Maior* You counterfeit, this ſhal not ſerue you, wee cle tor-  
ture you, wee cle make you to confeſſe where that arch-her-  
etique Lord Cobham is: come binde him fast.

*Irish man* Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Ceſe.

*Con.* Ahone, you crafty rafcall *exeunt*.

*Lord Cobham comes out in his gowne ſtealing.*

*Cobb.* Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a maruelous noyſe a-  
bout the houſe, God warant vs, I feare wee are purſued: what  
Harpoole.

*Harp. within.* VVho caſles there?

*Cobb.* Tis I, doſt thou not heare a noyſe about the houſe?

*Harp.*

## sir John Old-castle.

Harp. Yes mary doe I, zwounds, I can not finde my hose,  
this Irish rascall that was lodgde with me all night, hath stolne  
my apparell, and has left me nothing but a lowfie mantle, and a  
paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the carier and his wench  
be asleep, change you with them as he hath done with me, and  
see if we can escape.

A noyse againe heard about the house, a pretty while, then en-  
ser the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Irish mans appar-  
rell.

Con. Stand close, heere comes the Irish man that didde the  
murther, by all tokens, this is he.

Maior And perceiving the house beset, would get away :  
Stand sirra.

Harp. What art thou that bidst me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish  
man, such a villaine as thy selfe, that hast murthered a man this  
last night by the hie way.

Harp. Sbloud Constable, art thou madde? am I an Irish  
man?

Maior Sirra, weeke finde you an Irish man before we part:  
Lay hold vpon him.

Con. Make him fast : O thou bloudy rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his lady in the carrier and wenches  
apparell.

Cobham What will these Ostlers sleepe all day?  
Good morow, good morow, Come wench, come,  
Saddle, saddle, now afore God too foord-dayes, ha?

Con. Who comes there?

Maior Oh tis Lancashire carier, let him passe.

Cobham What, will no body open the gates here?  
Come, lets int stable to looke to our capons.

The carrier calling.

Club calling Hoste, why ostler, zwookes, heres such a bo-  
mination company of boies : a pox of this pigstie at the house  
end, it filleth all the house full offleas, ostler, ostler.

Ostler Who calles there, what would you haue?

# The first part of

*Club* Zweokes, do you robbe your ghests? doe you lodge  
rogues and slaues, and scoundrels, ha? they ha stolne our cloths  
here : why ostler?

*Ostler* A murrein choake you, what a bawling you keepe.

*Hoste* How now, what woulde the carrier haue? looke vp  
there.

*Ostler* They say that the man and woman that lay by them  
haue stolne their clothes.

*Hoste* VVhat, are the strange folkes vp yet that came in  
yester night?

*Const.* VVhat mine hoste, vp so early?

*Hoste* VVhat, maister Maior, and maister Constable!

*Maior* VVe are come to seeke for some suspected persons,  
and such as heere we found, haue apprehended.

*Enter the Carrier and Kate in lord Cobham and ladies apparell.*

*Con.* VVho comes heere?

*Club* VVho comes here? a plague found ome, you bawle  
quoth a, ods hat. Ile forzweare your house, you lodgde a fel-  
low and his wife by vs that ha runne away with our parrel, and  
lef vs such gew-gawes here, coine Kate, coine to mee, thowse  
dizard yfaith.

*Maior* Mine hoste, know you this man?

*Hoste* Yes maister Maior, Ile giue my word for him, why  
neibor Club, how comes this gear about?

*Kate* Now a fowle ont, I can not make this gew-gaw stand  
on my head, now the lads and the lasses won flowt me too too

*Const.* How came this man and woman thus attired?

*Hoste* Here came a man and woman hither this last night,  
which I did take for substantiall people, and lodgde all in one  
chamber by these folkes: mee thinkes haue beene so bolde to  
change apparell, and gone away this morning ere they rose.

*Maior* That was that villaine traitour Old-castle, that thus  
escaped vs: make out huy and cry yet after him, keepe fast that  
traitorous rebell his seruant there: farewell mine hoste.

*Carrier* Come Kate Owdham, thou and I se trimly dizard.

*Kate* Ifaith neame Club, I se wot nere what to do, I se be so  
flowted

## *sir John Old-castle.*

flowted and so shewted at : but byth meſſe Iſe cry. extant.

*Enter Priest and Doll.*

*sir John* Come Dol, come, be mery wench,  
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee,  
Be lusty my tasse, come for Lancashire,  
We must nip the Boung for these crownes.

*Doll* Why is all the gold spent already that you had the other day?

*sir John* Gone Doll, gone, fowne, spent, vanished, the diuel,  
drinke and the dice, has deuoured all.

*Doll* You might haue left me in Kent, that you might, vntil  
you had bin better prouided, I could haue staid at Cobham.

*sir John* No Dol, no, ile none of that, Kent's too hot Doll,  
Kent's too hot : the weathercocke of Wrotham will crow no longer, we haue pluckt him, he has lost his feathers, I haue prunde him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted, wēch.

*Doll* Faith sir John, I might haue gone to seruice againe,  
old maister Harpoole told me he would prouide me a mistris.

*sir John* Peace Doll, peace, come mad wench, Ile make thee  
an honest woman, weeble into Lancashire to our friends, the  
troth is, Ile marry thee, we want but a little mony to buy vs a  
horse, and to spend by the way, the next sheep that comes shal  
loose his fleece, weeble haue these crownes wench I warrant  
thee: stay, who comes here? some Irish villaine me thinkes that

*enter the Irish man with his master slaine.*

has flaine a man, and drawes him out of the way to rifle him:  
stand close Doll, weeble see the end.

*The Irish man falls to rifle his master.*

Alas poe mester, S. Rishard Lee, be Saint Patricke is rob and  
cut thy trote, for dee shaine, and dy money, and dee gold ring,  
be me truly is loue thee wel, but now dow be kil thes, bee shitt  
ten kanaue.

*sir John* Stand firra, what art thou?

*Irishman* Be saint Patricke mester is pore Irisman, is a leuiser.

*sir John* Firra, firra, you are a damned rogue, you haue kil  
led a man here, and rifled him of all that he has, sbloud you

# The first part of

rogue deliuere, or ile not leaue you so much as an Irish haire aboue your shoulders, you whorson Irish dogge, sirra vntrasse presently, coine off and dispatch, or by this crosse ile fetch your head off as cleane as a barke.

*Irishman.* Wees me saint Patricke, Ise kill me mestre for chaine and his ring, and nows be rob of all, mees vndoo.

*Priest robs him.*

*sir John.* Auant you rascal, go sirra, be walking, come Doll the diuel laughes, when one theefe robs another, come madde wench, weele to saint Albons, and reuel in our bower, hey my braue girle.

*Doll.* O thou art old sir John, when all's done yfaith.

*Enter the hoste of the Bell with the Irish man.*

*Irishman.* Be me tro mestre is pore Irisman, is want ludging, is haue no mony, is starue and cold, good mestre giue her some meate, is famise and tie.

*Host.* Yfaith my fellow I haue no lodgung, but what I keep for my guesse, that I may not disapoint, as for meate thou shal haue such as there is, & if thou wilt lie in the barne, theres faire straw, and rooine enough.

*Irishman.* Is thanks my mestre hartily, de straw is good bed for me.

*Host.* Ho Robin?

*Robin.* Who calls?

*Host.* Shew this poore Irishman into the barne, go sirra.

*exeunt.*

*Enter carrier and Kate.*

*Club.* Ho, who's within here, who lookes to the horses? Gods hatte heres fine worke, the hens in the manger, and the hogs in the litter, a bots found you all, heres a house well lookt too yvaith.

*Kate.* Mas goffe Club, Ise very cawd.

*Club.* Get in Kate, get in to fier and warme thee.

*Club.* Ho John Hostler.

*Hostler.* What gaffer Club, welcome to saint Albons, How does all our friends in Lancashire?

*Club.*

## *sir John Old-castle*

*Club* Well God haue mercie Iohn, how does Tom, wheres he?

*Hostler* O Tom is gone from hence, hees at the threes horse-loues at Stony-Stratford, how does old Dick Dunne?

*Club* Gods hatte old Dunne has bin moyerd in a flough in Brickhil-lane, a plague found it, yonder is such abomination weather as never was seene.

*Hostler.* Gods hat thiefe, haue one half pecke of pease and oates more for that, as I am Iohn Ostler, hee has been euer as good a iade as euer traueld.

*Club* Faith well said old Iacke, thou art the old lad stil.

*Hostler* Come Gaffer Club, vnlode, vnlode, and get to supper, and Ile rub dunne the while. *Come.* *excuse.*

*Enter sir John Old-castle, and his Lady disguise.*

*Oldca.* Come Madam, happily escapt, here let vs sit,  
This place is farre remote from any path,  
And here awhile our weary limbs may rest,  
To take refreshing, free from the pursuite  
Of enuious Winchester.

*Lady* But where (my Lord,) shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?  
There dwell vntamed thoughts that hardly stoupe,  
To such abasement of disdained rags,  
We were not wont to trauell thus by night,  
Especially on foote.

*Oldca.* No matter loue,  
Extremities admit no better choice,  
And were it not for thee, say foward time,  
Imposde a greater taske, I would esteeme it  
As lightly as the wind that blowes vpon vs,  
But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt,  
Thou wast not wont to haue the earth thy stooke,  
Nor the moist dewy grasse thy pillow, nor  
Thy chamber to be the wide horrison,

*Lady* How can it seeme a trouble, hauing you  
A partner with me, in the worst I feele?

# The first part of

No gentle Lord, your presence would giue ease  
To death it selfe, should he now seaze vpon me,  
Behold what my foresight hath vndertane      heres bread and  
For feare we faint, they are but homely cates. cheese & a bottle.  
Yet saucde with hunger, they may seeine as sweete,  
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

*Olda.* Praise be to him whose plentie sends both this,  
And all things else our mortall bodies need,  
Nor scorne we this poore feeding, nor the state  
We now are in, for what is it on earth,  
Nay vnder heauen, continues at a stay?  
Ebbes not the sea, when it hath overflowne?  
Flowes not darknes when the day is gone?  
And see we not sometime the eie of heauen,  
Dimmd with ouerflying clowdes : theres not that worke  
Of carefull nature, or of cunning art,  
(How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)  
But falls in time to ruine: here gentle Madame,  
In this one draught I wash my sorrow downe.      drinkes.

*Lady* And I incoragde with your cheerefull speech,  
Wil do the like.

*Olda.* Pray God poore Harpoole come,  
If he should fall into the Bishops hands,  
Or not remember where we bade him meeete vs,  
It were the thing of all things else, that now  
Could breedre reuolt in this new peace of mind.

*Lady* Feare not my Lord, hees witty to deuise,  
And strong to execute a present shift.

*Olda.* That power be stil his guide hath guided vs,  
My drowsie eies waxe heauy, earely rising,  
Together with the trauell we haue had,  
Make me that I could gladly take a nap,  
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

*Lady* Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleepe,  
Ile watch that no misfortune happen vs,  
Lay then your head vpon my lap sweete Lord,

And

## *sir John Old-castle*

**A**nd boldly take your rest.

*Oldca.* I shal deare wife,  
Be too much trouble to thee.

*Lady* Vrgē not that,  
My duty binds me, and your loue commāthds.  
I would I had the skil with tuned voyce,  
To draw on sleep with some sweet melodie,  
But imperfectoin and vnaptnelle too,  
Are both repugnant, feare inserts the one,  
The other nature hath denied me vse.  
But what talke I of meanes to purchase that,  
Is freely hapned? sleepe with gentle hand,  
Hath shut his eie-liddes, oh victorious labour,  
How soone thy power can charme the bodies sense!  
And now thou likewise climbst vnto my braine,  
Making my heauy temples stoupe to thee,  
Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free. *both sleepes.*

*Enter sir Richard Lee, and his men*

*Lee.* A murder closely done and in my ground?  
Search carefully, if any where it were,  
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

*Servuant.* Sir I haue found the body stiffe with cold,  
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

*Lee* Looke if thou knowest him, turne his body vp,  
Alacke it is my son, my sonne and heire,  
Whom two yeares since, I sent to Ireland,  
To practise there the discipline of warre,  
And comming home (for so he wrote to me)  
Some sauage hart, some bloudy diaellish hand,  
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coyne,  
Hath here slucde out his bloud, vnhappy houre,  
Accursed place, but most inconstant fate,  
That hadst reserude him from the bulletts fire,  
And suffered him to scape the wood-karnes fury,  
(Euen here within the armes of tender peace,

K

And

# The first part of

And where security gate greatest hope)  
To be consumde by treasons wastefull hand?  
And what is most afflicting to my soule,  
That this his death and murther should be wrought,  
Without the knowledge by whose meanes twas done,  
*2 seru.* Not so sir, I haue found the authors of it,  
See where they sit, and in their bloudy fistes,  
The fatall instruments of death and sinne.

*Lee.* Just iudgement of that power, whose gracious eie,  
Loathing the sight of such a hainous fact,  
Dazeled their senses with benunning-sleepe,  
Till their vnhalloved treachery were knowne:  
Awake ye monsters, murderers awake,  
Tremble for horror, blush you cannot chuse,  
Beholding this inhumane deed of yours.

*Old.* What meane you sit to trouble weary soules,  
And interrupt vs of our quiet sleepe?

*Lee.* Oh diuellith! can you boast vnto your felues  
Of quiet sleepe, having within your hearts  
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries  
Deafes the lowd thunder, and sollicites heauen,  
With more than Mandrakes shreekes for your offence?

*Lady Old.* What murder? you vpbraide vs wrongfully.

*Lee.* Can you deny the fact? see you not heere,  
The body of my sonne by you mis-done?  
Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:  
Do we not finde you where the deede was done?  
Were not your kniues fastclosed in your hands?  
Is not this cloth an argument beside,  
Thus staind and spoilt with his innocent blood?  
These speaking characters, were nothing else  
To pleade against ye, would conuict you both.  
Bring them away, bereauers of my joy,  
At Hartford where the Sises now are kept,  
Their liues shall answe for my sonnes lost life.

*Old castle.* As we are innocent, so may we speede.

*Lee.*

## sir John Old-castle.

*Lee* As I am wrongd, so may the law proceede. *exitum.*

*Enter bishop of Rochester, constable of S. Albans, with sir John of Wrotham, Doll his wench, and the Irishman in Harpoole's apparell.*

*Bishop* What intricate confusion haue we heere?  
Not two houres since we apprehended one,  
In habite Irish, but in speech, not so:  
And now you bring another, that in speech  
Is altogether Irish, but in habite  
Seemes to be English: yea and more than so,  
The seruant of that heretike Lord Cobham.

*Irishman* Fait me be no seruant of the lord Cobham,  
Me be Mack Chane of Ulster.

*Bishop* Otherwise calld Harpoole of Kent, go to sir,  
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Irish.

*sir John* Trust me, my Lord Bishop, whether Irish,  
Or English, Harpoole or not Harpoole, that  
I leauue to be decided by the triall:  
But sure I am this man by face and speech  
Is he that murdred yong sir Richard Lee:  
I met him presently vpon the fact,  
And that he slew his maister for that gold,  
Those iewells, and that chaine I tooke from him.

*Bishop* Well, our affaires doe call vs backe to London,  
So that we cannot prosecute the cause  
As we desire to do, therefore we leauue  
The charge with you, to see they be conuaide  
To Hartford Sise: both this counterfaite  
And you sir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,  
For you are culpable as well as they,  
Though not for murder, yet for felony.  
But since you are the meanes to bring to light  
This gracelesse murder, you shall beare with you,  
Our letters to the Judges of the bench,  
To be your friendes in what they lawfull may.

*sir John* I thankē your Lordship.

# The first part of

Bis. So, away with them.

exennt.

Enter Gaoler and his man, bringing forth Old castle.

Gaoler Bring forth the prisoners, see the court prepare,  
The Iustices are comming to the bench.  
So, let him stand, away, and fetch the rest.

exennt.

Old. Oh giue me patience to indure this scourge,  
Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous streme,  
And though contempt, false witnes, and reproch  
Hang on these yron gyues, to presse my life  
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,  
That I may mount in spirite aboue the cloudes.

Enter Gaoler bringing in Lady Old-castle, and Harpoole.  
Here comes my lady, sorow tis for her,  
Thy wound is greeuous, else I scoffe at thee.  
What and poore Harpoole! art thou ith bryars too?

Harp. Ifaith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.  
Lady Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,  
And may conferre, shall we confesse in briefe,  
Of whence, and what we are, and so preuent  
The accusation is commencde against vs?

Old. What will that helpe vs? being knownne, sweete loue,  
VVe shall for heresie be put to death,  
For so they tearme the religion we professe.  
No, if it be ordained we must die,  
And at this instant, this our comfort be,  
That of the guilt imposde, our soules are free.

Harp. Yea, yea my lord, Harpoole is so resolute,  
I wreake of death the lesse, in that I die  
Not by the sentence of that eniuious priest  
The Bishop of Rochester, oh were it he,  
Or by his meanes that I should suffer here,  
It would be double torment to my soule.

Lady VVell, be it then according as heaven please.

Enter lord Indge, two Iustices, Maior of Saint Albons, lord Powesse and his lady, and old sir Richard Lee: the Judge and Iustices take their places.

Indge

## *sir John Old-castle.*

*Judge* Now M. Maior, what gentleman is that,  
You bring with you, before vs and the bench?

*Maior* The Lord Powes if it like your honor,  
And this his Lady, trauelling toward Wales,  
Who for they lodgde last night within my house,  
And my Lord Bishop did lay search for such,  
Were very willing to come on with me,  
Lest for their sakes, suspition we might wrong.

*Judge* We crie your honor mercy good my Lord,  
Wilt please ye take your place, madame your ladyship,  
May here or where you will repose your selfe,  
Vntill this busynesse now in hand be past.

*Lady Po.* I will withdraw into some other roome,  
So that your Lordship, and the rest be please.

*Judge* With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.

*Lord Po.* Wife, I haue eyde yond prisoners all this while,  
And my conceit doth tel me, tis our friend,  
The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.

*Lady Po.* I thinke no lesse, are they suspected trow ye  
For doing of this murder?

*Lord Po.* What it meanes,  
I cannot tell, but we shall know anon,  
Meane space as you passe by them, ask the question,  
But do it secr etly, you be not seene,  
And make some figne that I may know your mind.

*Lady Po.* My Lord Cobham, madam? as she passeth over the  
Old. No Cobham now, nor madam as you loue vs, stage by thē.  
But John of Lancashire, and Ione his wife.

*Lady Po.* Oh tel, what is it that our loue can do,  
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you.

*Oldca.* Nothing but this, that you conceale our names,  
So gentle lady passe for being spied.

*Lady Po.* My heart I leave, to beare part of your grife.

*Judge* Call the prisoners to the barre: sir Richard Lee,  
What euidence can you bring against these people,  
To proue them guiltie of the murder done?

## The first part of

*Lee.* This bloody towell, and these naked kniues,  
Beside we found them sitting by the place,  
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

*Judge* VVhat answer you why law should not proceed,  
According to this euidence giuen in,  
To taxe ye with the penalty of death?

*Old.* That we are free from murders very thought,  
And know not how the gentleman was slaine.

*1 Inst.* How came this linnen cloth so boudy then?

*Lay Cob.* My husband hot with trauelling my lord,  
His nose gushit out a bleeding, that was it. (sheathde?)

*2 Inst.* But wherefore were your sharpe edgde kniues vs-

*Lady Cob.* To cut such simple victuall as we had.

*Judge* Say we admit this answer to those articles,  
VVhat made ye in so priuate a darke nooke,  
So far remote from any common path,  
As was the thicke where the dead corps was throwne?

*Old.* Iournyng my lord from London from the terine,  
Downe into Lancashire where we do dwell,  
And what with age and trauell being faint,  
VVe gladly sought a place where we might rest,  
Free from resort of other passengers,  
And so we strayed into that secret corner.

*Judge* These are but ambages to driue of time,  
And linger Justice from her purposde end.  
But who are these?

*Enter the Constable, bringing in the Irishman, sir Iohn of  
Wrotham, and Doll.*

*Const.* Stay Judgement, and release those innocents,  
For here is hee, whose hand hath done the deed,  
For which they stand indited at the barre,  
This sauage villaine, this rude Irish slaye,  
His tongue already hath confess the fact,  
And here is witness to confirme as much.

*sir Iohn* Yes my good Lords, no sooner had he slaine  
His louing master for the wealth he had,

*But*

## sir John Old-castle.

But I vpon the instant met with him,  
And what he purchaſe with the losſe of bloud  
With ſtoxes I preſently bereau'de him of,  
Some of the which is spent, the reſt remaining,  
I willingly ſurrender to the hands  
Of old ſir Richard Lee, as being his,  
Beside my Lord Judge, I greet your honor,  
With letters from my Lord of Winchester. *delivers a letter.*

*Lee* Is this the wolfe whose thirſty throate did drinke  
My deare ſonnes bloud? art thou the ſnake  
He cheriſht, yet with enuiouſ piercing ſting,  
Aſſaileſt him mortally? foule ſtigmatike,  
Thou venome of the country where thou liuedſt,  
And peſtilence of thiſ: were it not that law  
Stands ready to reuenge thy crueltie,  
Traitor to God, thy master, and to me,  
These hands ſhould be thy executioner.

*Judge* Patience ſir Richard Lee, you ſhall haue iuſtice,  
And he the guerdon of his base defert,  
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,  
And being hangd vntil the wretch be dead,  
His body after ſhall be hangd in chaines,  
Neare to the place, where he diſacted the muſter.

*Iriſh*. Prethee Lord ſhudge let me haue mine own clothes,  
my ſtrouces there, and let me be hangd in a with after my cu-  
try, the Iriſh fashion. *exit.*

*Judge* Go to, away with him, and now ſir John,  
Although by you, thiſ murther came to light,  
And therein you haue well deseru'd, yet ypright law,  
So will not haue you be excuſde and quit,  
For you diſrob the Iriſhman, by which  
You ſtand attainted here of felony,  
Befide, you haue bin lewd, and many yeares  
Led a laſciuous vnbefeeming life.

*ſir John* Oh but my Lord, he repents, ſir John repents and  
he will mend.

# The first part of

Judge In hope thereof, together with the fauour,  
My Lord of Winchester intreats for you,  
We are content you shall be proued.

sir John I thanke your good Lordship,

Judge These other falsly here accusde, and broughte  
In perill wrongfully, we in like sorte  
Do set at liberty, paying their fees.

Lord Po. That office if it please ye I will do,  
For countreys sake, because I know them well,  
They are my neighbours, therefore of my cost,  
Their charges shall be paide.

Lee. And for amends,  
Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done,  
There are a few crownes more for them to drinke. gives them

Judge. Your kindnes merites praise sir Richard Lee, a purse.  
So let vs hence. excuse all but Lord Powesse and Oldcastle.

Lord Po. But Powesse still must stay,  
There yet remaines a part of that true loue,  
He owes his noble friend vnsatisfide,  
And vperformed which first of ali doth bind me,  
To gratulate your lordships safe delivery,  
And then intreat, that since vnlookt for thus,  
We here are met, your honor would vouchsafe,  
To ride with me to Wales, where though my power,  
(Though not to quittance those great benefites,  
I haue receiued of you) yet both my house,  
My purse my seruants, and what else I haue,  
Are all at your command, deny me not,  
I know the Bishops hate pursues ye so,  
As theres no safety in abiding here.

Old. Tis true my Lord, and God forgiue him for it.

Lord Po. Then let vs hence, you shall be straight prouided  
Of lusty geldings, and once entred VVales,  
VVell may the Bishop hunt, but spight his face,  
He never more shall haue the game in chace. excuse.

F I N I S.

